

The Sketch

No. 1008.—Vol. LXXVIII.

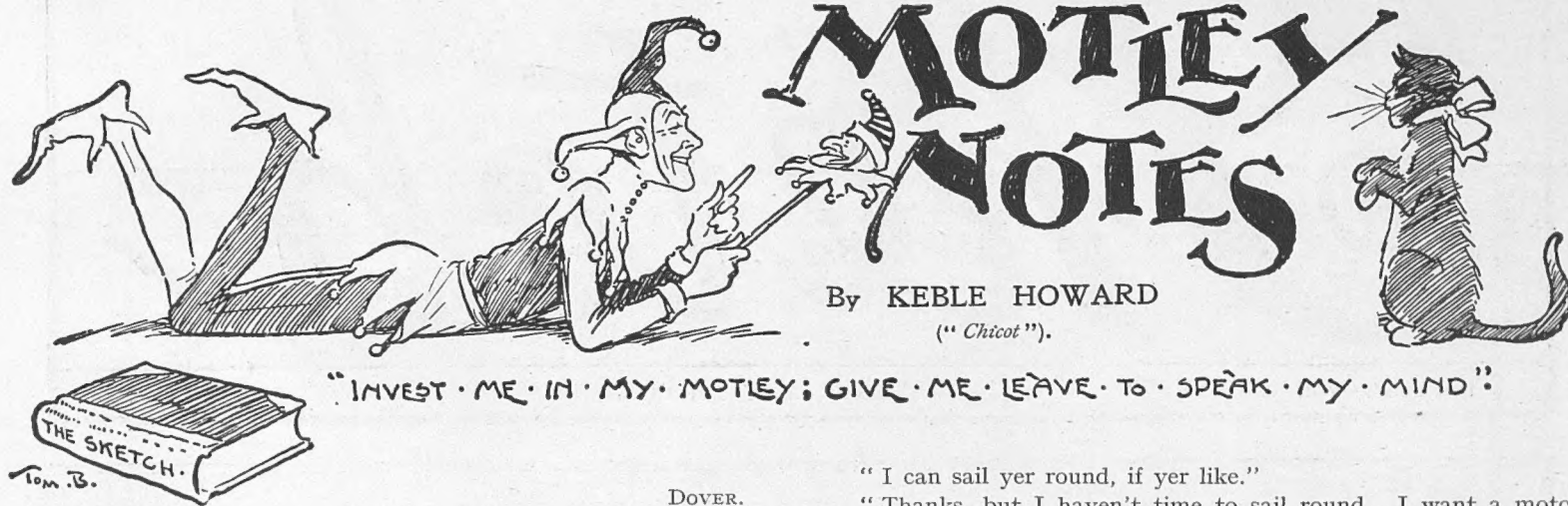
WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



THE NEW LADY GOLF CHAMPION: MISS GLADYS RAVENSCROFT (BROMBOROUGH).

Miss Ravenscroft won the title by beating Miss Temple (of Westward Ho!). She is twenty-four. She gets a very long ball with her drives and has a beautifully rhythmical swing; has a tendency to stab at her short shots, but plays them with great accuracy; it is the same with her putts, and when putting she has also a very unusual stance, putting the right foot parallel to the line she wishes to follow when playing, and getting the left at what looks like an uncomfortable angle. She has been playing golf since she left school, although she gave it up for a time for hockey.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

DOVER.

The Real Dover. How many people, I wonder, really know Dover? In the earlier part of the reign of good Queen Victoria, Dover, I believe, was a residential town of some importance. One can see so much from the style and size of the older houses. To-day, the majority think of Dover as a long jetty that winds out into the Channel, backed by a huge white cliff, and barracks. Until a week ago, I, too, thought in that way of Dover.

I came to stay in Dover because I had never stayed here before. I wandered up and down the Marine Parade, and at last decided upon some very pleasant rooms in the exact centre of the harbour. Some people, I know, do not like a harbour to their seaside. They prefer the open, boundless ocean. For myself, I get very tired of the boundless ocean. I find something very picturesque, at all times, about a harbour, and, when it happens to be Dover Harbour, something very interesting.

All day long, and, for all I know to the contrary, all night long, there is something doing in the harbour. At this moment, from my window, I can count four long, black, sinister-looking hulls; I think they are "destroyers," but am not versed in these technical terms. Anyway, I am sure they belong to the Royal Navy, and are keeping watch over Dover whilst I am in it. The Calais boats and the Ostend boats come and go. Sirens scream, lights flash, guns boom—oh, there is nothing in the least dull about Dover! Besides, one can quietly accustom oneself to the idea of crossing the Channel in any weather.

**Seeing Them Off—
Those Others.**

One of my favourite amusements is to walk to the end of the jetty and see the boat leave for Calais. On previous occasions, whenever that boat has left for Calais when I was in Dover, I have left with it. All was hurried, and anticipatory, and beastly. The perspective was all wrong. Now I stand quietly on the jetty and watch the train from London pull alongside. All sorts of people tumble out—fat people and thin people, and young people and old people, and pale people and red people. There are English, and French, and German, and American, and Swiss, and Italian, and Japanese people. There are people in light summer clothing, and people muffled to the eyes in furs. There are people who will not be sick, and people who hope not to be sick, and people who probably will be sick, and people who have made up their minds to be sick. Out they come and up they go, and I stand on the jetty, smiling cynically, and wish them, in my heart, a pleasant voyage. They have no eyes for me. One has lost a hand-bag, another a trunk, another a wrap, and a fourth must send a telegram. They think every moment that the boat is going to start, but I know that it cannot start yet because I can see exactly how much luggage remains to be lowered into the hold. At last they are off! Slowly they steam out into the open, and the ship pitches a little, and the deck clears, and at last there is nothing but a streak of smoke against the sky! Am I sad? Do I feel lonely? Not a bit of it. I say to myself, "Ah! You, too, have had some of that. Go home in peace, and be thankful for the good, solid land."

**"A Jolly Old
Skipper I Be."**

I find the 'longshoremen here just a little *difficile*. This is a pity, because they look so amiable and jolly—for all the world like the man in the song. I went up to one of them this morning and said—"Could you tell me where I could hire a motor-boat?" "Where d'yer want to go?" replied the honest fellow. "To Folkestone."

"I can sail yer round, if yer like."

"Thanks, but I haven't time to sail round. I want a motor-boat. Is there one to be had anywhere?"

"Not as I knows on."

I tried another. He, too, was red, plump, and picturesque.

"Could you tell me where I could hire a motor-boat?"

"No."

"Is there such a thing in Dover?"

"Mebbe."

"But you can't tell me for certain?"

"No."

I tried a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth. Not a man had ever heard tell of a motor-boat in Dover! Fancy that! They spend all their lives at the (safe) edge of the harbour, and yet they have not seen or heard of a motor-boat. The strangest part of the story is that *two* motor-boats lay anchored within a hundred yards of the beach!

Yes, I told this to the 'longshoremen as soon as I knew it myself.

**The Rolls
Memorial.**

From a side-window I can see the recently unveiled statue of poor Charles Rolls. The statue is the work of Mrs. Scott, wife of the Antarctic celebrity, and anybody who knew Rolls would testify to the extreme naturalness and fidelity of the pose and general workmanship. He is wearing his costume as an aviator, and stands looking out across the Channel which he conquered twice in one flight. Events move so rapidly that people have almost forgotten this feat, but the Dover people have not forgotten it. They, in common with the rest of mankind, were very fond of Charles Rolls, and they are very proud of the statue. All day long there is a little knot of admirers round it—soldiers, sailors, colliers, tradespeople, landladies, visitors, and the rest of the mixed population. At the foot still lies the wreath of laurels placed there by the mother of the man who died for the science or the sport—which you will—that had infatuated him.

Why?

Somebody has been good enough to send me a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* for May 4. After following me from place to place, this copy is now before me. On the title-page the sender has written, "See page 15." The journal, accordingly, lies open at page 15, but I cannot make up my mind which of the many interesting features on page 15 is the reason for the kindly gift.

We begin, in the left-hand column, with "Dardanelles: Lord Morley's Speech: Comment in Austria." It can't be that. In the next column we have "Wall Street: Labour Problems." I don't think it can be that, either. In the third column I find, "Board of Trade: Position and Action." Why should anybody call my particular attention to that? Passing on, I get to "Press in Parliament: Trustee of Reputations: Speech by Sir E. Grey." Perhaps it is that? But—though it is almost the height of my ambition—I have never been in the Press Gallery in my life. I pass on to "Life at Labrador: Address by Dr. Grenfell: Pioneer Mission Work." I really don't think it is that. And the last column reads: "Europeans in India: Problem of Education."

Here, then, with minor matters, we have, I repeat, a most interesting page, but I do wish the anonymous sender had marked the feature to which he desired to call my attention. I had already read the *Daily Telegraph* for May 4 with my usual care, and it worries one to have to learn any particular issue of a daily paper by heart. If the whole thing is a practical joke, I am as sorry for the sender as I am for myself.

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PEOPLE WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO.



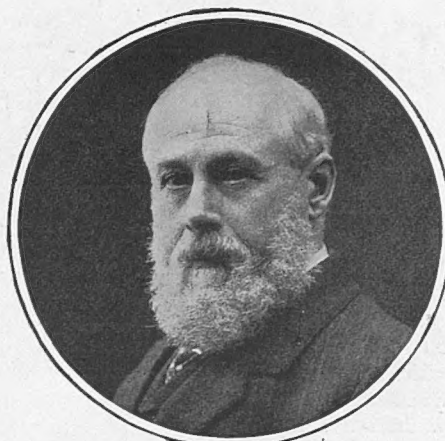
MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER—FOR HIS PIETY IN CONVERTING "IMPROPER PETER" INTO "PROPER PETER."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



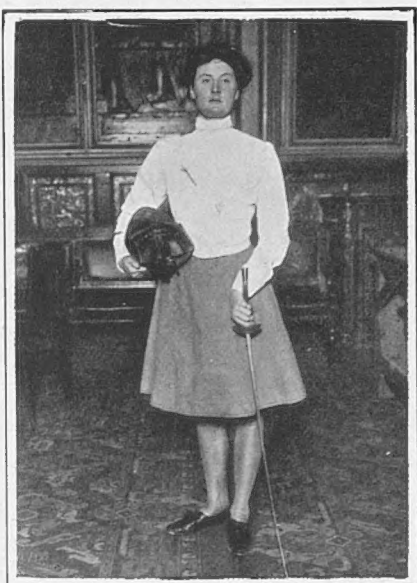
MR. G. S. ELLIOTT—FOR BEING AWARDED ONE FARTHING DAMAGES AT THE LAW COURTS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



DR. DUKES—FOR SAYING THAT CHILDREN SHOULD REACH A SENSE OF REPLETION BEFORE RISING FROM TABLE.

Photograph by Dean.

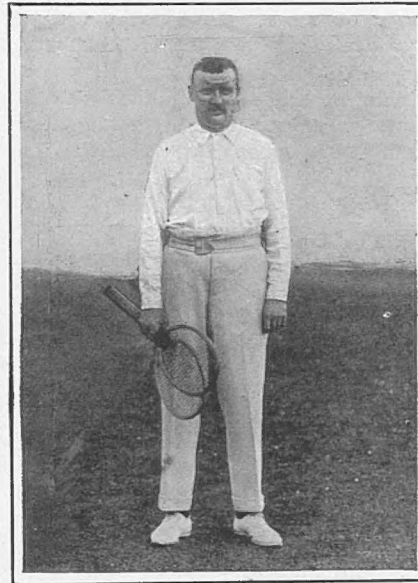


MISS GLADYS DANIELL—FOR WINNING THE LADIES' AMATEUR FENCING CHAMPIONSHIP (FOILS) FOR THE SECOND TIME.

Photograph by Sport and General.



MR. NEIL KENYON—FOR DARING TO BE A WOMAN, IN THESE DAYS OF "NO VOTE."



MR. C. P. DIXON—FOR BEATING MR. A. F. WILDING AND WINNING THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP AT LAWN-TENNIS.

Photograph by Sport and General.



P.C. COAST—FOR ATTEMPTING TO SAVE A MAN FROM DROWNING IN THE SERPENTINE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



DR. H. J. F. SIMSON—FOR HIS PART IN THE CASE ELLIOTT v. SIMSON.

Photograph by Topical.



LORD DUNSANY—FOR ATTEMPTING TO SAVE A MAN FROM DROWNING IN THE SERPENTINE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

With the permission of the author, Mr. Arthur Bourchier has renamed "Improper Peter," at the Garrick, "Proper Peter"; realising that the original title led some to believe, of course, erroneously, that the play was unwholesome fare for the young.—Dr. Dukes, of Rugby, said the other day in the course of a most interesting paper on school-feeding: "While adults should rise from table hungry, children should reach a sense of repletion before rising . . . No work should ever be imposed upon boys and girls without previous sustenance."—Mr. G. S. Elliott, caterer and Mayor of Islington, took action against Dr. Simson, husband of Miss Lena Ashwell, as a sequel to a dispute at the Three Arts' Club Ball. He was awarded one farthing damages. Dr. Simson is shown on this page in the coster's dress he wore at the ball.—In the course of "Looking for Trouble," the new farce at the Aldwych, Mr. Neil Kenyon has to masquerade as a woman. He adds considerably to the fun by doing so, and without being in the least "broad."—Lord Dunsany, P.C. Coast, and Mr. Thomas Perry made a gallant, but ineffectual, attempt to rescue a man from drowning in the Serpentine the other day, entering the water in their clothes and diving a number of times.—Mr. C. P. Dixon defeated Mr. A. F. Wilding the other day, at Stockholm, and so became world's lawn-tennis champion. He was afterwards presented to the King of Sweden.—Miss Daniell, who won the Ladies' Amateur Fencing Championship last year, was successful again the other day. It is interesting to note that she is left-handed.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

WHEN Mr. Taft says, "I am being hit below the belt," he is, of course, speaking metaphorically, for no belt has yet been found to confine the noble proportions of America's Fattest President. What he wants is a chalk line round his waistcoat below which the once-loved Theodore should not smite him.

Why do women like high heels? Keep your eye on Sir James Crichton Browne, and he will pull you through. He says that it is because woman has a plantar arch flatter than that of man. Now you would never have thought of that plantar arch, nor of calling a girl flat-footed scientifically and politely.

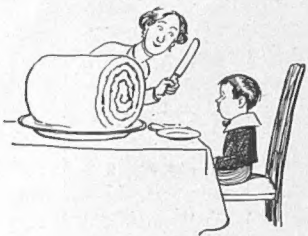
One of these well-known art-critics lays it down that the placing of Lady Colin Campbell's portrait by Boldini in the National Gallery was a rash act. As a journalist he ought to know that, among the clichés of to-day, "Rash Act" is never applied to anything but a case of attempted suicide.



A local authority says that during the football season there were 81,000 visitors to the Twickenham Rugby Ground, whilst at Kew Gardens there were 130,000. Few people would have imagined that the botanists play football among themselves when Kew Gardens are closed.

Mr. J. C. Dollman's picture in the Royal Academy, "The Unknown," is dubbed a mystery picture. Why? It merely represents the Coming Woman driving the Man of To-morrow out into the wilderness.

Marquis Road, Stroud Green, says of itself, "We are not business people, we are respectable people." And no doubt all their feudal castles are called Belvoir and Wardour and Alnwick.



One of our instructors advocates the feeding of excitable children with jam-roll. Is this intended as a reward or as a punishment?

THE AIRY-HYDROPLANE

(The aero-hydroplane can destroy all manner of warships by dropping bombs on them from above, and with its pace is

destined to revolutionise ocean travel.)

The liner she's a lady, but her day is almost done,
For all she swells so bigly with her many thousand ton;
The man-o'-war's her husband, but he's a-dying, too;
They'll soon be on the dusty shelf along of the canoe.

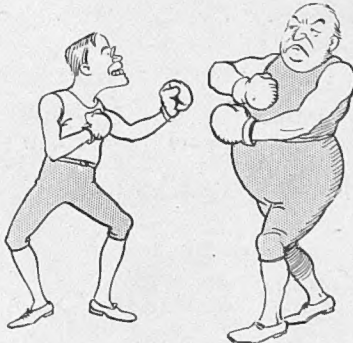
Their son is the torpedo-boat, and proud and fierce he snorts,
A-raging up the narrow seas, a-fussing into ports;
Their dainty little daughter is the modest submarine,
But she, like all the rest of them, is one of the "has-been."

The liner she's a lady, and the man-o'-war's her mate,
But as fliers and as fighters they are falling out of date,
Since they've got a fairy grandchild who will make their
tonnage vain,
For the mistress of the ocean is the airy-hydroplane.

Britannia needs no bulwarks, no walls of steel or oak,
She trusts in wire and canvas when she scorns the foreign yoke;
It's now the airy-hydroplane in which the storm she braves,
But the men are still the Samson-breed; with them she rules the waves!

The Bermondsey Borough Council says that Bermondsey is one of the healthiest places in the country to live in, and refuses to let

one of its officials, who complains of polluted air, live outside the bounds. The Bermondsey Borough Council are the boys with noses. They recognise ozone when they smell it.



Listen to this: "Britain's triumph with S41, Commander Samson's famous aero-hydroplane, has stunned the Admiralties of Europe, including our own." And quite a lot of us have been trying to believe that the Government had heard of aviation before the King went to Weymouth.

A winking orchid will be on view at the Royal International Horticultural Exhibition (take breath after that), which the King opens to-day at Chelsea. To mark their disapproval of its frivolity, the authorities have stigmatised the orchid as *Bulbophyllum Bartigerum*.

THE POPULAR PILL.

("Cerise is the fashionable shade in pills," says the *Evening News*, "though it is run close by Saxe-Blue and Old-Gold.")

Now all you croakers who love to be ill,
Keep your glad eye on the Popular Pill,
Munch it or gulp it, it's good for the trade,
And remember Cerise is the favourite shade.

Insist, if you please,
On the *couleur Cerise*,
The popular tint of the Popular Pill.

Don't let them beguile you with
jalap or squill,
But cling like a leech to the Popular Pill.
But if haply Cerise—and it may be the case—
Doesn't match the pale hue of your moribund face,
Remember Saxe-Blue
Is admissible, too,
As alternative tint of the Popular Pill.

But if both Cerise and Saxe-Blue should instil
A doubt lest the good they might do may be nil,
Then medical science has soared to such heights
In the brains and the hands of doctorial knights,
That pillules are rolled
Of the hue of Old-Gold,
As the tertiary tint of the Popular Pill.



Rook-shooting with Morris-tube ammunition is advocated for Territorials by a Lieutenant-Colonel. The root fault of Continental armies is that they are paper soldiers who, unlike our Regulars, have never fired at anything fiercer than a target.

Let us avoid that weakness in our Territorials and train them up on ber-lud, even if it be only that of rooks.

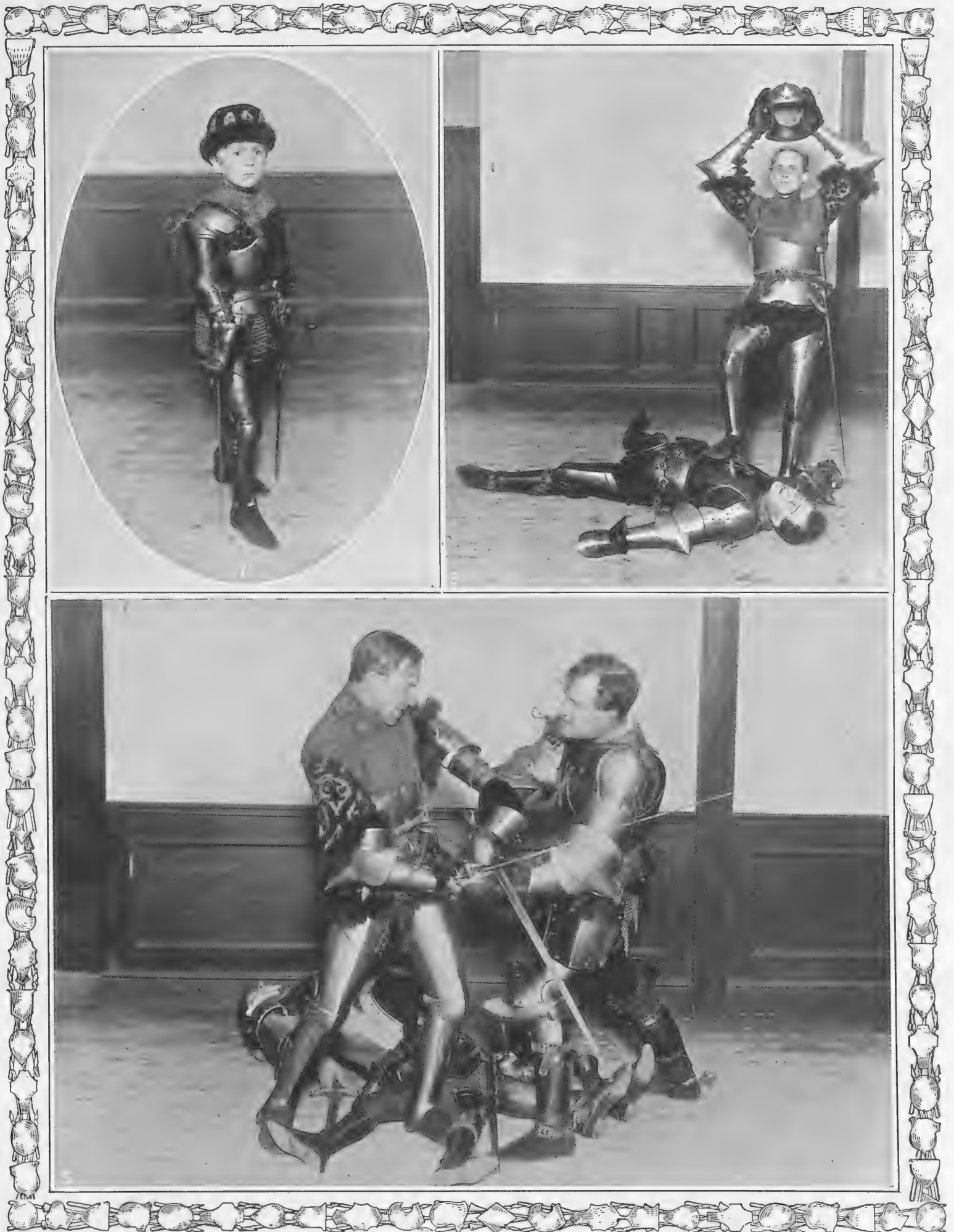
"Dewdabs" is American school-girls' slang for men's kisses. It is gratifying to note the spread of refinement in the land of Messrs. Taft and Roosevelt.

Canon Rawnsley telegraphs that as long as men prefer thought to mere rhyme, Browning—who, by the way, was a poet of the Victorian era—will be read and honoured. Yes. But the trouble about Browning was that he tried to combine the two.

"The man who sweeps the streets is doing as much service to the State as the man who fills the pulpit or sits in the Senator's chair." As a general proposition this is rank rubbish, but it is quite possible that the sweeper may do much less harm to the State.



KNIGHTS OUT, AT THE COURT: ARMoured FOR CHARITY.



1. SON OF THE KEEPER OF THE KING'S ARMOURY, MASTER FRANCIS LAKING AS EDWARD IV. | 2. WHEN RICHARD III. WAS SLAIN AND THE EARL OF RICHMOND BECAME HENRY VII.: MR. GUY FRANCIS LAKING AS RICHARD III., AND MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN (STANDING) AS RICHMOND.
3. ON BOSWORTH FIELD: MASTER FRANCIS LAKING AS RICHARD III.'S PAGE AND MR. LEONARD BARKER AS SIR RICHARD CATESBY, SLAIN; MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN AS RICHMOND, AND MR. GUY FRANCIS LAKING AS RICHARD III., CONTINUING THE FIGHT.

"The Masque of Fashion," a series of living—and moving—tableaux, was presented at the Court Theatre last week in aid of the Amy Waterlow Orphanage, Hammersmith, and Mrs. Mackirdy's Second Shelter for Women. Richard III. and Richmond, to say nothing of others, fought on the battlefield of Bosworth to great effect; and there were various other diverting happenings illustrating the costumes of a number of periods between 1066 and 1866. Mr. Guy Francis Laking, the Richard III. of the occasion, is the Keeper of the King's Armoury, of the armoury of the Wallace Collection, and of the London Museum, Kensington Palace. He is the son and heir of Sir Francis Henry Laking, Bt., the famous medical man. In 1898, he married Miss Beatrice Barker, and he has one son and one daughter. He is seven-and-thirty, an artist of considerable gifts, and a partner in Christie's.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



PLAYS THAT HAVE HELD THE BOARDS: LONG RUNS IN THE WEST-END THEATRES.

The Vulgar Test of Success.

Last week Sir Arthur Pinero's latest, "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl," reached its hundredth performance, and it is still running gaily. On the first night some people prophesied that it would die young, for the reception was not altogether gratifying. But the old hands knew that you must take a first-night reception, favourable or unfavourable, with a ton or so of salt. A hundred performances in an unbroken run! What would my great-great-grandfather have thought of that? In his time such things were unknown. Then, indeed, there was something much more like a repertoire system in vogue in the great patent houses and the unlawful theatres, which carried on their business, evading the law by all sorts of quaint devices. In our days, of course, a "century" is not regarded as surprising. At the present moment, "Fanny's First Play" is on the boards and has passed its 450th representation: it is almost certain to reach another century, and is disturbing all the plans of the management by its obstinate success. And still there are people who persist in regarding "G. B. S.," the author, as a crank, a dramatist quite out of touch with the public. Yet the observer knows that, if somebody were to compile a list every year analogous to that of the winning owners on the Turf, Mr. Shaw, taking into account the royalties on performances all over the world, would be one of the leading "owners." The more surprising is "Fanny's" success, seeing that not more than five per cent. of an ordinary audience understands the esoteric humours of the induction and conclusion. Number two comes "Bunty," who has been pulling the strings since the 19th of last July, and probably will have to be transplanted to make room for "The Pretenders," which is to be given in the early autumn.

Longer Runs. Of course, these figures do not represent records: the real statistician—and I am not one—will tell you of much more prodigious affairs. Think of "Our Boys," which ran at the Vaudeville from January 1875 till April 1879; and, in the picturesque tongue of the people, what price "Charley's Aunt," which had an innings of 1466 performances? Which of the two holds the record I do not know, nor can I honestly say that I care; but it is only fair to add that

"Charley's Aunt" is not dead, and, in fact, was revived last Christmas in London, whilst "Our Boys" is beyond hopes of resurrection. No doubt in the case of these two works part of the immense success was due to a matter that really operates and proves



THE MANAGER OF THE HOTEL SPLITS. MR. GEORGE ROBEY IN HIS NEW SONG AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

the truth of the popular phrase that "Nothing succeeds like success"; for, after a certain length of time, people went to see them merely because they had run so long—thereby, of course, increasing the length of the run; and thus provoking others to follow their example. Possibly this element had something to do with the more than two-years' career of "The Private Secretary." Of course, these runs sound prodigious. They sink in importance if one thinks of the total number of performances of particular works. For

instance, "A Royal Divorce," which was given a little while ago at the Lyceum, has, I believe, under the management of the indefatigable Mr. W. W. Kelly, been continuously on the boards in some part of these little islands since its production at the New Olympic in 1881. The other day I was told quite seriously that the inhabitants, or some of them, of Great Britain have had an opportunity of seeing "Les Cloches de Corneville" on every night, except Sundays, during the last thirty-three years. And as for "East Lynne"—here the amateur statistician breaks down: the figures are beyond him.

The Deduction. Is anything to be deduced from these facts, or from the prodigious runs of some Gaiety pieces—"Our Miss Gibbs," for instance, or from "The Merry Widow"; or, turning again for a moment to the non-continuous, from "The Two Orphans," or the Sims and Pettitt melodramas? Undoubtedly the longest continuous runs in London are of farce—clean farce, I am glad to say, though some of the indelicate ones have been fairly successful. On the whole, this vulgar test of merit brings us to the conclusion that farce and melodrama are the things that pay. Fortunes may be made out of comedy, as the management of the Dust Hole proved; whilst at least three Pinero comedies, one sentimental, another cruel—"Sweet Lavender" and "The Gay Lord Quex"; and one vividly tragic—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," have earned sums of money that dazzle the mind of the dramatic critic. Nevertheless, if I were a speculator and not an absurdly earnest playgoer, it is farce on which I should put my money, since it can be mounted and played cheaply, and when good of its kind, has an agreeable tendency to imitate "The Brook."

The Other End of the Egg.

Of course, there are two ends to every egg, and sometimes we see the little one. "Billy" came over from America after a long run, and people announced that it had a great future before it in London: in less than a week it was discovered that poor "Billy" had its great future behind it; and so "Billy" has gone back to the States, gnashing the false teeth on which the play turns. We do not often, in our days, have a piece of which one may say that it had a very long run of one night.

The reason is that it pays better to run a play, however bad the business, for a week, for even two, than for one night, since, roughly speaking, nothing but the electric light can be saved by closing after the first performance. Indeed, as a rule, for this economic reason the howling failure generally howls for a fortnight. But how appalling to think of the players doing their level best to win applause from empty seats! And when the little runs and the long ones in the West End houses are taken together they produce, it is said upon good authority, a balance to the bad at the end of the year.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



THE GREATEST GENTLEMAN OF THEM ALL: "DON QUIXOTE."



MASSENET'S MOST RECENT OPERA FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND: M. LAFONT AS DON QUIXOTE AND M. JOSÉ DANSE AS SANCHE, AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein produced Massenet's most recent opera, "Don Quixote," for the first time in England last week, and with much success. He was fortunate in being able to secure for the presentation M. Lafont, the original representative of the Don in Massenet's work.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Campbell-Gray; the two drawings from "Don Quixote," illustrated by Gustave Doré, published by Messrs. Cassell.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE first and only royal journey in a submarine marks well enough the difference between man and man, and King and King. But it marks still more the difference between woman and woman and Queen and Queen. As a rule, it is not on his own account that a person in the public eye refuses an enterprise that is supposed to smack of danger. The danger looms much larger in the eye of the solicitous wife; and hers is the restraining influence. The King of Spain's ambition to fly

round castles in the air was smothered at Queen Victoria Eugénie's request, and even the German Emperor has been known to modify a headlong programme after studying the telegraphed counsels of the Empress. But Queen Mary kept silence, and the submarine was honoured. There are times, however, when Princes on their own account know that the moment is auspicious for refusal. It is believed that King Edward's decision not to be carried across Niagara on Blondin's back was perfectly spontaneous.

The "Roll Call," lent by the King to Lady Butler for her exhibition in the Leicester Square Galleries, renewed its triumphs at a crowded private-view. Had Lady Butler, who is in town with her daughter, Lady Gormanston, been present at her own exhibition, she would have been forcibly reminded of the time when the pressure of a crowd was the accepted way of doing honour to distinguished people. It was her fate, when travelling in the provinces soon after the first appearance of the "Roll Call," to escape by back-doors because of the crowds that gathered before the hotels where she was staying. Patti has had the same compliment paid her so often when in a hurry to reach a concert-hall that her knowledge, she claims, of kitchen yards and stable exits is quite peculiar. But the public, and perhaps the painters, have

knew that its value had been multiplied by more than ten; but when, although it was not in the market, the Queen expressed a queenly wish to possess it, it was loyally handed over. With many protestations of his pleasure, the possessor relinquished the picture and the profit. And it was not he, but Lady Butler, who received the Queen's bracelet, the mark of her pleasure in her bargain.

Baroness Goldsmid de Palmeira has not been unduly perplexed in dealing out the refreshments for the Jewish Bazaar at the Portman Rooms. Baker Street has been ready with buns and bonbons, fit alike for Jew and Gentile. It is not always so easily arranged, for, as is too often forgotten, in the stricter Jewish circles the food question is a complex one. Even the Rothschilds find themselves inconvenienced often enough because the unbelieving Christian hostess would find it troublesome to know too much about their law. Jewish entertainers, on the contrary, do not spare themselves. Not long ago at a large gathering where nobody had been very conscious of distinctions of creed or nationality, the distinction was silently but effectively marked at feeding time. The Jewish guests, as if instructed, made their way to one room, while the Gentiles, almost unawares, found themselves in another.

Lady Salisbury's reception in Arlington Street renewed all the Tory associations of the neighbourhood and the family. The Party was there in some force with its Leader, and one glib guest describes Mr. Bonar Law, in the columns of a contemporary, as "the lion of the evening." The phrase passed well enough for the sardonic, or at least, untamed Disraeli; for the leonine late Marquess of Salisbury himself, and for Mr. Birrell even, in so far as his voice is mighty and he can roar. But Mr. Bonar Law makes the most unlikely lion in the world. His voice is dove-like, his presence to match. "If I was the lion," he says in explanation, "it was in a den of much fiercer Daniels."



TO BE SOCIAL LEADER ONCE MORE: MRS. AVA WILLING ASTOR.

Mrs. Ava Willing Astor divorced her husband, the late Colonel John Jacob Astor, who was drowned in the "Titanic" disaster, three years ago, and was awarded alimony of £10,000 a year, in addition to other sources of income. She does not benefit under Colonel Astor's will, but for her daughter, Miss Muriel Astor, a trust fund of £1,000,000 has been created. Mrs. Ava Astor is to take her position again as social leader. She will spend some three months of each year in London, in the house she has taken in Grosvenor Square.

Photograph by Fleet.

newed its triumphs at a crowded private-view. Had Lady Butler, who is in town with her daughter, Lady Gormanston, been present at her own exhibition, she would have been forcibly reminded of the time when the pressure of a crowd was the accepted way of doing honour to distinguished people. It was her fate, when travelling in the provinces soon after the first appearance of the "Roll Call," to escape by back-doors because of the crowds that gathered before the hotels where she was staying. Patti has had the same compliment paid her so often when in a hurry to reach a concert-hall that her knowledge, she claims, of kitchen yards and stable exits is quite peculiar. But the public, and perhaps the painters, have



SON OF "FRANK DANBY" AND AUTHOR OF A NOVEL IN VERSE: MR. GILBERT FRANKAU, WHOSE "ONE OF US" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Photograph by Hojpe.



INHERITOR OF A VAST FORTUNE UNDER THE WILL OF COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR: MR. WILLIAM VINCENT ASTOR.

Mr. W. V. Astor, son of the late Colonel John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, a student at Harvard, inherits an estate of enormous value under his father's will—an estate worth anything between fifteen and thirty millions sterling. He will be twenty-one next November; that is, he is five months younger than his widowed stepmother, Mrs. Madeline Force Astor.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

changed. The modern mob leaves women alone unless it can jeer at them, and its missiles are not always roses.

His Majesty owes the "Roll Call"

to the enterprise of Queen Victoria. She had been forestalled by a buyer quicker than herself to secure a canvas that became famous even before the doors of the Academy were opened to the general public. The picture had, indeed, been commissioned for a hundred pounds, the humble price set upon it by an unknown girl. Within ten days its happy owner



DAUGHTER OF MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH: MISS PRUDENCE BOURCHIER.

Miss Bourchier is seen here with her greyhounds, Fan and Nell, which were presented to her by Mr. Herbert Sleath, who is at present appearing with Mr. Bourchier in "Proper Peter," at the Garrick.



"A. A." AND "S. E.": THE BROTHERS SWANN, WHO HAVE WON THE CAMBRIDGE LIGHT PAIRS.

The Messrs. Swann are sons of a famous old rowing Blue, the Rev. S. Swann, who also cycled against Oxford. His elder son, "S. E.," has already twice rowed against Oxford and won the Colquhoun Sculls and Pairs. The younger Swann is a Freshman, but has already won the Light Pairs.

FRANCE AT THE FEET OF THE FATHER OF NEW FRANCE.



RODIN'S "LA FRANCE": THE BRONZE GIVEN BY THE FRANCO-AMERICAN COMMITTEE
FOR THE CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

Champlain, the famous French navigator and explorer (who was born at Brouage in 1567, made various journeys in Canada and New England, discovered the lake which bears his name, and died, in 1635, at Quebec, which he founded in 1608) has just been honoured in the United States by the erection of a memorial consisting of a lighthouse supported upon a block of stone from which rises the prow of a ship upon which a statue of him stands. France's contribution to this tribute, which has been erected by the States of New York and Vermont on the edge of Lake Champlain, is here illustrated. It is a bust, by Rodin, which bears the title "La France." It has been set on the pedestal of the monument. Samuel de Champlain has been called "the Father of New France"; and it was but fitting, therefore, that such honour should be paid.



A MUSICAL TRILOGY ON A WELSH LEGEND: "THE CHILDREN OF DON."

MR. JOSEF HOLBROOKE, whose opera, "The Children of Don," should see the light in a couple of weeks, is a fortunate man, though he has worked harder than most to ensue good fortune, and has known many lean and empty years. But the road to recognition in music is one of the most difficult in all the world of Art, and before completing his thirty-fourth year (he was born in July 1878), Mr. Holbrooke will in all human probability witness the production of his latest opera at the London Opera House, with the full resources of the establishment behind it and one of the greatest living conductors of Grand Opera, Arthur Nikisch, in charge of the orchestra. Here is ample atonement for the years that the locusts have eaten, here is full recognition of merits that have not claimed much popularity hitherto in the wider circle of music-lovers, but have this saving grace, that they have never

pandered to what is called, so euphemistically, the popular taste. It has taken Mr. Holbrooke twelve years to win his way to his present coveted position, for his tone-poem, "The Raven," perhaps his first important work, was given at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of the late Sir August Manns, in 1900. Since then every class of composition has flowed with rapidity and facility from his pen. One recalls other symphonic poems—"Queen Mab" prominent among them—his chamber music, songs, and variations on popular melodies, and that strange

work, "Apollo and the Seaman," given at Queen's Hall four years ago, when the words of the poem by Herbert Trench that it set to music were thrown upon a screen as the music was played. A two-act opera, "Pierrot and Pierrette," was produced at His Majesty's under the auspices of the Afternoon Theatre management late in 1909, and he gives an annual series of chamber concerts at which English composers find a hearing. Perhaps his output has been a little too rapid, he has not always given himself time to do the best that is in him; but his gifts of imagination are quite uncommon, and his sense of orchestral fitness remarkable, though it still suffers from extravagance. His strength would seem to lie in great orchestral effects, in the expression of strange, thrilling stories, and, if he favoured a pure and clear melodic outline more frequently, his future in the realm of Grand Opera should be a very successful one. But, whether or not he is destined to succeed, he is at least to obtain the much-coveted hearing, and if in this instance he owes much to happy chance, there will be none who know how hard he has laboured in the interests of British music to grudge him the opportunity for which less fortunate folk strive in vain.

In his striving, if not in his attainment, Mr. Holbrooke reminds one of Richard Wagner, and as he paints his music-pictures on the largest possible canvas, it is not surprising that "The Children of Don," the opera to be produced on June 7, though complete in itself,

is part of a great Welsh trilogy. Though the overture is nearly two years old, the rest of the music is of far more recent date, and the finished score is dated January 12, 1912. The book, by Lord Howard de Walden, is founded upon the Cymric legend of Math Mathonwy, and is in three acts, with a prologue of two scenes set in the underworld of Northern legendry. Don, by the way, is not a mortal man, as the name might suggest, but the Nature goddess, and a soprano. There are two other immortals—Lyd the Sea King, and Nodens, God of the Abyss, basses both. The Children of Don are Gwydion (whose seizure of a magic cauldron is *fons et origo mali*), Govannion, and Elan—the last-named a woman, the others men. As in most stories of the kind, the relations between the leading characters are a trifle obscure and hard to follow. Prominent in this is the rejected love of Elan for her brother Gwydion, the love of Govannion for

Goewin, a Druid priestess, whom he betrays and deserts. Gwydion is accused of the offence, and changed ultimately into a wolf; so, too, is Govannion, and in the next act, Goewin is thrown to the wolf pack, and devoured. Math, the Priest King, horrified by the High Priest's action, releases the two male Children of Don from the spell that binds them, and Elan is chosen to replace the murdered priestess. In the last act, the lost Elan is discovered. She has borne a son, Dylan, whom Gwydion adopts. His brother kills Gwion, the High Priest, and Gwydion, having previously killed



DEATH ON THE SCENE: "EVERYMAN," AS PRESENTED AT THE PASSMORE EDWARDS SETTLEMENT.

That famous morality, "Everyman," was most successfully produced on new and original lines the other day by the Rev. Arnold Pinchard, aided by several members of the Birmingham Repertory Company and other actors. The upper stage represented the interior of the church, with an altar, draped in black, surmounted by a crucifix; the lower stage, a street outside the church. The characters wore costumes of the Henry VIII. period. For the first time in England the part of Everyman was played by a man—and admirably played, as were the other parts.

Math, proclaims himself the Druid chief, and Dylan, his heir. This ends the opera. The second part of the trilogy is "Dylan," which, if we are not mistaken, was completed before the first was finished.

Here is the briefest outline of the story, so brief that it prompts one to remember Ibsen's famous line, "People don't do such things." At the same time, it seems reasonable to set out the main issues, because the opera has no fewer than twelve leading characters, and to endeavour to explain their significance would involve a measure of confusion that will soon cease to exist if the opera succeeds. There is opportunity for fine scenic effects, and as the scenery has been designed and painted by Mr. S. H. Sime, it is safe to say that none of the possibilities will be overlooked. The opening scenes of the first and third acts show the Forest of Arvon in spring and autumn aspect, just as the first and third acts of "Tannhäuser" show the two aspects of the Valley of the Wartburg. The second act takes place in the Temple of Trelithons, and the last scene of all passes by the sea-shore. There is much in Mr. Holbrooke's score that lends itself to the orchestral concert, and, whatever the verdict of the public, the fact remains that we have in "The Children of Don" an opera that stands upon the highest plane of endeavour and will present a spectacle rare even in the modern opera-house.

COMMON CHORD.

From the Wilds—of the Imagination.



FOR SALE

DANCES WE HAVE NEVER SEEN: II.—THE TASSEL TANGO.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

POPULATION AND POTTERY: THE SUICIDE OF FRANCE AND SOME ANCIENT CERAMICS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I PUT down my French newspaper and closed my eyes, partly because of the sun, partly out of boredom. That question of the depopulation of France is becoming very *ennuyeuse*. Let it be depopulated once for all, so that our Press may deal with other things.

Here is a journalist chap, probably a mild, kind-hearted sort of man in private life, with, I bet, no more than the customary one child on his conscience, if any at all (child, of course), advocating with a vehemence almost indecent, and certainly short-sighted, a general contribution to the next census. This delicate and elegant phraseology is all mine and not his. *Mon Dieu*, but what for, I ask you! What harm have done to him those unborn generations he is calling to life—like some busy, buzzing insect, unconscious of the purpose of its flights from tree to tree, from flower to flower? No doubt our friend the journalist does not read his own paper—or, indeed, any paper at all. He knows nothing, apparently, of decadence, diseases, disasters! He ignores war and woes! He wants to give heirs to the ills and evils of this world—more flesh has to be made that more flesh may suffer. This man who writes of race-suicide does not know, perhaps, that suicide is the death of the intelligent—that neither idiots nor animals ever plan suicide. If Napoleon had had the advantage of being born in our enlightened days, he could no longer say that a night of Paris would make up for the loss of a battalion. A night in Paris is now merely the end of a day, not the beginning of a dawn. Paris is becoming wise and full of pity. And if France is committing suicide, is it not because France is one of the least resigned and most intelligent of nations?

By my side on the balcony of the hotel a chair whines desperately; the Professor has dropped on its wicker the full responsibility of his body.

"So," he said, opening a black portfolio with fat, good-natured hands, full of freckles and little reddish hairs, "I have brought you some more photographs. These are vases from the National Museum in Athens. The background is of red earth and the figures are of black varnish—seven hundred years before Christ, my child! And look at the amazing perfection of details!"

Indeed, the details are naïve and charming. The half-dozen corkscrew curls of that dancing-girl fall like black tendrils of hops over her lean shoulders. One breast is bare, the other cunningly hidden. So it was then already the fashion of half-measures! We show instead the upper half of our bosoms. It lends itself to more artifice, but less grace. Her bare toes are delightfully crooked, for

all the world as though she had experienced the most exquisite of our modern tortures. That warrior's waist is slimmer than that of any corseted guardsman. His horse and his dog are also of an extreme slenderness.

"This," says the Professor, "is of a later period. You will notice that the background is black and the figures red; also, the finesse of the work is greater than in the first examples. This is an urn representing a nuptial cortège; in these caskets are the wedding-presents. This vase shows a maiden offering a cup of wine to a departing warrior. On this plate you see Cupid bringing a young man to a woman playing on a lyre; on this a warrior near a funeral pyre; on this—oh, this is nothing—"

The Professor tried some prestidigitation with a photograph he did not want me to see, and became very red in the face. Men were deceivers never! A baby girl can lisp a lie more convincingly than any politician backed by the whole Press!

The Professor fumbled for more photographs, while I sat looking straight at the sea, and not from the corner of my eye to the forbidden photograph, as nine women out of nine would have done.

"This is a satyr pursuing a nymph," volunteered the Professor, whereas around the amphora a nymph was running that the satyr might run after her.

"Here is a fight between two warriors; there a youth and a maiden dancing to the sound of the flute."

"But your art-potters, Professor, they had only two subjects—love and war!"

"Of course, my child; have there been others since? One must kill to live and live to kill."

Upon which I gave him to read the propaganda for prolificness in my French paper.

"After you (after your race, I mean), the Deluge, eh? A flood of barbarians and no Ark then, no branch of olive-tree! Just the depth—and a ripple while the world watches. Yes, that journalist is right, my child, anyhow, as regards you—I mean, your nation. Its suicide would be many thousand pities! Its voluntary extinction would not be unnatural. Nothing is unnatural that is in nature, nor would it be criminal; but it would mean the toy-shop of the world closed for ever, and the world is a big child that must be amused between its fits of temper. How young you must be to think so much of the life of each and so little of the whole! Think, rather, of how many grains of corn must be crushed to make bread, and this evening at dinner, while you are enjoying your caviare, think of the hundred lives you swallow in a mouthful."



KISS, CURTSEY, OR WHAT? HOW SHALL THE WOMEN OF FRANCE SALUTE THE COLOURS—SUGGESTIONS.

It is asked, "How shall the women of France salute the colours?" and various suggestions have been made. The more possible of these are illustrated here. Some say that the fair patriot should wave her handkerchief; others that she should curtsey, give the military salute, wave a kiss with her hands, or place her right hand on the heart.

DRAWN BY DÉCOUD.

BULLY !



NEWS NOTE FROM THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST: "AT THE ATHLETIC SPORTS THE OTHER DAY, JAMES TENDERFOOT SET UP A RECORD, DOING THE 100 YARDS IN 6 2-5 SEC."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE MAN BEHIND THE STUMPS: LILLEY ON CRICKET.*

A Great Wicket-Keeper: His Start.

"It was during the Boer War," writes Mr. Lilley, "that an incident occurred that well illustrates the coolness of the soldier under the most trying conditions, and the national character of cricket, which is so inbred with many Britishers. A company of the Coldstream Guards was ordered in Lord Methuen's first battle to storm one of the kopjes held by the Boers. The advance had just been sounded when a shell came from the enemy, and without bursting, buried itself in the earth close to the men. The one nearest to where it dropped looked across at his neighbour, and said, 'If I had only got my bat here, I'd have hit that beauty for six.'" That is just the spirit Mr. Lilley showed throughout his twenty-four years of the national summer game. He would not have said precisely the same, perhaps; but he would certainly have attempted to stop the shell and endeavoured to have whisked invisible bails from imaginary stumps. For, without doubt, he was born a wicket-keeper. He began his cricket, as do most of us, as a boy at school, but it was not until he was an employé of Messrs. Cadbury, at Bournville, that he first had opportunity to take part in club matches. How quickly he progressed need not be said; but it is interesting to note that at the time he had no idea of becoming a wicket-keeper, much less of gaining name and fame in that capacity. It was Shilton who saw him start behind the stumps and coached him, and it was the lucky chance that he volunteered to act as substitute for the regular wicket-keeper that ended in his representing England five-and-thirty times, appearing for the Players year after year, and captaining them frequently. He is very modest about his achievements, but their greatness cannot be concealed; and his book, in addition to being a most fascinating record of a giant amongst the courtiers of King Willow, is a guide from which few, if any, who desire to excel in the playing-field can afford to disagree.

Raw Beef in the Gloves; and Sponges.

The stories he has to tell are many and engrossing; and he has hints galore to offer. To the layman, possibly, one of the most interesting of his notes concerns the preservation of the wicket-keeper's hands. The hands of both Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Sherwell, of the first South African team to visit this country, "would never suggest that they had had any experience in wicket-keeping. They . . . bore no traces of any hard knocks, unlike those of most wicket-keepers. . . . Mr. Halliwell used always to have a piece of raw beef under his gloves in the palm of the hand. . . . For my own part, I always used a piece of wet sponge, which I considered a much purer and better protection. This I had stitched inside the inner glove, and I damped it each time I went on the field. I very seldom got my hands bruised, and, with the exception of having my fingers knocked up, they now appear but

little the worse. Some wicket-keepers have rubber caps, and others have leather caps at the end of the gloves for their fingers to go into. . . . I remember once seeing Mr. H. Martyn wearing two pairs of gloves, one pair inside the other." And matters are by no means easy for the man behind the stumps in first-class cricket. When Tom Richardson was bowling his fastest, even Mr. Lilley found it well to stand back. "I should certainly not fancy my chance of lasting twenty-four seasons by standing up to Richardson," he writes, "and should need at least a few more pairs of hands, and some steel plates as chest-protectors. I would not have given any wicket-keeper more than one season at it, and then he would have suffered sufficient damage, had he been able to last so long, to have effectually closed his wicket-keeping career."

A Disguised Batsman's Double Innings.

That is the game in its usual form; see it in the unusual, as it was now and again in India! "I am reminded," Mr. Lilley records, "of a story told by Dr. Pavri, the Parsee cricketer. The moral tone of Parsee cricket has remarkably improved, says Dr. Pavri, during the past fifteen years, but before then it was not considered as being opposed to the spirit of the game if strategy were resorted to to win a match. About twenty-three years ago, he was playing for a Parsee club against a regimental team, and the best batsman on the Parsee side went in, but was dismissed without scoring. Six wickets had fallen for only thirty runs, and the position was becoming serious, when this batsman put on a different dress, tied a handkerchief round his head to further disguise his identity, and went in to bat again. This time he made a substantial score, and won the match. He was afterwards found out, however, and received a salutary lecture."

One more Cricket Tale. A Moral quotation, and having, we hope, given sufficient "extract" to whet the appetite, we finish with a hearty recommendation to all cricketers to enjoy Mr. Lilley's experiences and profit by them. It is a tale with a moral! A certain Australian bowler once took Arthur Shrewsbury's wicket, and was so proud of the fact that he had the ball duly mounted and inscribed with the fact that it was the ball with which he had bowled Arthur Shrewsbury without the latter scoring off him. "Some time later, the same bowler was again opposed to Shrewsbury. . . . (who) was particularly severe upon him, and continued so during the two days he was at the wickets, when he was still unbeaten. . . . At the conclusion of the innings, Shrewsbury obtained possession of the ball, and also had it mounted and inscribed with the bowler's name, and the fact that it was the particular ball with which he had bowled at Arthur Shrewsbury for two days without obtaining his wicket. The great batsman presented him with this ball as a companion to the other."



Photo. A. E. Lane.

THE FAMOUS WICKET-KEEPER WHO HAS WRITTEN "TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OF CRICKET", MR. A. A. LILLEY.

Reproduced from Mr. Lilley's "Twenty-Four Years of Cricket," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Mills and Boon.



AN "ASHES" DINNER: THE DESIGN ON THE FRONT OF THE MENU.

Reproduced from Mr. Lilley's "Twenty-Four Years of Cricket," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Mills and Boon.

* "Twenty-four Years of Cricket; Recalling the Most Famous Cricketers and Their Methods, Together with Advice on the Game." By A. A. Lilley. (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d. net).

CRAFT AND ART.



THE MISTRESS: And, by the way, Eunice—your Master tells me that his Freeman's night has been changed to Wednesday; so in future you'd better take your evening out on *Thursday* instead—it'll be more convenient.



"Now, it's when yer see a pitcher like that yer realise 'ow we've gorn a'ead since them days—'cause that's 'ow our great-grandmothers dressed, yer know."

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ



CARIBOU JACK, OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

A TALE OF THE YUKON TRAIL.

By HOWARD N. TUPPER.

IT was queer that Caribou should 'a got yarnin' that night. Gen'rally speakin', he was as silent a cuss as yer could 'a found anywhere among the boys o' the Hudson Bay Company—an' we warn't a talkative lot o' skunks at best. As fur as I kin remember, it was the Little 'Un as started him.

It was a durned awful night in the mid-winter o' last year; the wind was blowin' fit ter knock a mountain down, and the snow fallin' in a solid sheet.

Me and the Little 'Un hadn't been outside o' the fort since day before, and in spite o' Caribou Jack's reputation we didn't reckon on seein' him arrive ter time in such weather; but arrive ter time he did, pack an' all.

I tell yer, we jist sat an' blinked at each other like a couple o' loonies when we heard his shout risin' above the wind out on the trail.

He was a durned great cuss, was Caribou—near seven feet, I reckon, but it warn't easy jist ter hit his age: he might 'a been somewhere about thirty, an' thin agin he might 'a been more. He'd listed in the Company jist five years ago—an' he'd been carryin' mails an' provisions between our fort an' the station three hundred miles down the trail ever since.

Reckon nobody didn't jist know whar he'd come from, or who he was, cause Caribou never spoke of himself; he never did much talkin' about anythin'.

But all this ain't got nothin' ter do with what I'm goin' ter tell you.

Wal, that night after Caribou arrived at our fort, when we'd read our mails, an' got the sleighs unpacked, and fed the huskies, I got out the whisky an' the baccy an' we gathered round the stove fur a "chin."

It was all up to the Little 'Un an' me that night ter keep the conversation goin', fur Caribou seemed more silent than usual; he jist lay on his back on his blanket by the stove, a-blowin' out clouds o' smoke an' a-drinkin' whisky as quiet as a log.

The Little 'Un got out his fiddle an' sang ter us, an' I told 'em some yarns that I heard about the fort, an' then we all got quiet agin.

Wal, it was right then that the Little 'Un let drop a remark that seemed ter kind o' rouse Caribou.

As I've told yer, the wind was a-shriekin' round the old fort an' a-bashin' at the walls till sometimes we reckoned the durned show would blow in.

Wal, all of a sudden a great gust hit us with a crash that made us all sit up an' look around kind o' expectin' somethin' ter happen.

"By gosh," sez Little 'Un, "wot a night! Reckon I don't mind a winter ter touch this one since '04."

Caribou looked across at him.

"Say," he sez, "do yer remember that winter?"

"Sure," sez Little 'Un. "Why?"

"Wal," sez Caribou, "I do, too," then he fell quiet agin for a minute.

He'd rolled oyer on his stomach an' was gazin' inter the stove with a kind o' far-away light in his eyes.

All of a sudden he sez—

"Reckon I ain't never told you boys about that little affair."

Me an' the Little 'Un looked at each other. Here was Caribou Jack a-goin' ter tell a yarn. Wal, we didn't say nothin', but jist sat quiet, all ears.

He paused fur about a minute, then he started.

"It was five years back now," he sez, kind o' dreamily, "in the winter of '03. Way over east in the North Ontario forest, there was a trapper who lived all on his lonesome. There warn't many furs to be got, because the settlements had drove most o' the animals out o' that country, an' Joe (that's the trapper) had made up his mind ter pack up shop an' git before next fall.

"Wal, one night—just such a night as this, with the snow a-comin' down that thick that yer couldn't see four feet in front of yer, an' the wind a-beatin' at the shack till he thought the whole durned thing would be blown down—Joe was sittin' smokin' by his fire an' a-wonderin' jist how long the shack would keep up, wen all o' a sudden he heered a tap at the door.

"Now, Joe warn't a nerry cuss by a long chalk, but somehow

that tappin' at his door made him go kind o' cold down the back, an' he jist sat there as skeered as a babe. Howsomer, after about a minute he got over his nerves an' went over ter the door.

"Who the hell's thar?" he hollered.

"But there warn't no answer, only jist the tappin' so low he could hardly hear it.

"Wal, this was gettin' about as much as Joe could stand, so he jist pulls out his gun, an' layin' hold o' the bar, he opens the door.

"Standin' under the storm-porch, a-covered in snow, was the figure o' a man; his fur cap was drawn down over his eyes an' his storm-collar turned up so as ter hide his face all but his eyes.

"Wal, at the sight o' those eyes, Joe's back began ter feel like an icicle, they was that bright an' glitterin', more like a wolf's than a man's.

"Howsomer, after a minute Joe got control over himself, an' slips aside.

"Wal, come right in," he sez; "it's too durned cold ter keep the door open."

"Still the stranger didn't say nothin', but jist walked ter the fire and stood a-lookin' down inter it.

"Wal, Joe he shuts the door an' then turns ter the stranger. 'Wal, this is hell, ain't it?' he sez. But still he don't get no answer; the stranger jist undoes his coat an' took it off, an' then flings his cap on it.

"He warn't an old man—about thirty, I reckon; his face was a kind o' unnatural grey, an' his eyes, as I sez, was as bright as a wolf's.

"Durned awful, ain't it?" Joe sez agin. "Reckon the wind's from the north-east."

"The stranger turned his head an' looked at him.

"Yes," he sez, "it's from the north-east."

"Then he shut up agin, and fur some time neither of 'em sez nothin'.

"At last Joe spoke agin—

"See you here, Stranger," he sez, "who the hell aire yer, an' whar d'yer come from?"

"The Stranger turned an' looked at him agin.

"I come with the north-east wind," he sez, "an' I was once a man."

"Joe he tries ter laugh at this, but somehow the laugh don't seem quite natural, an' he sez—

"Now, wat in thunder aire yer talkin' about?"

"I'll tell yer," sez the Stranger. "A year ago I was a man, I was young an' I was strong, an' loved a gal better'n anything, an' I killed her."

"Jist then the wind started a-screamin' round the shack agin; the stranger stopped an' listened fur a minute, then he went on agin.

"Say," he sez, "d'yer hear him? That's the north-east wind; he's laughin' at me. He always laughs, but I don't care: reckon I'm used ter it," an' he laughed himself, a kind o' holler, unnatural laugh.

"Sit down," he sez, "I'm goin' ter tell yer. Five years ago I married that gal, an' we was as happy as babes, till one day, a year ago last fall, I rid inter the township ter buy things, an' she reckoned I'd be gone all night. Wal, I should 'a been, only I got overtaken by a storm an' turned back. Wal, when I got home, it seemed ter me that she was rather uneasy-like, but I didn't say nothin', an' I reckon I'd almost fergotten it when all of a sudden I lit on a man's glove under the table, an' I knew it warn't mine."

"Wal, o' course she said she didn't know how it got thar, an' all that, an' thin I jist let out at her. Thin I reckon somethin' happened to me; anyhow, I turned her out inter the storm, a storm jist like this one. After she'd gone I got sane agin, an' I went out after her a-hollerin' fur her, but I reckon she didn't hear me; leastways, I didn't find her. Wal, about midnight, I went home an' waited fur her ter come back, all through the next day. The next night she did come back. I was sittin' by the fire, waitin', wen all of a sudden I heard a tappin' at the door, an' wen I opened it she fell inter the shack. She'd come back; the north-east wind had given her back ter me, but he'd given her back ter me dead. Wal, I don't rightly know jist wat happened then, but, anyhow, I jist took her in me arms an' lit out inter the storm, runnin' like hell till I couldn't

[Continued overleaf.]

Brown Studies: A Poet's Corner in Celebrities.

THE day was fine, the sun shone bright, the birds sang loud^{in merr} and clear,
At all events, they would have sung had there been any near,
But the scene was in the City, and the trouble all began
Thro' a lack of true perception in an Ordinary Man.

A customary kind of man, a piece of common delf,
He was walking and rejoicing and remarking to himself:
"It is a treat to be alive! I'm glad that I'm not dead!"
When he happened on a Cleric who was standing on his head.

A Dean it was! Upon his head! It gave him quite a shock,
But the Dean appeared so doleful that he had no heart to mock;
And when he saw him weeping like a floodgate on the Nile
He said, "I will accost him in a sympathetic style."

So he remarked, "A Dean, I vow, I have not seen for years FOR SALE
Situating in the middle of a puddleful of tears;
Oh! tell me, sir, I pray you, why those drops bedew your face?"
"I am breaking up the idols men set in the market-place!"

"I am breaking up the idols," said the Cleric with a frown;
"For everything I see is wrong—entirely upside-down.
I say that things are fashioned on a topsy-turvy plan,
But, in spite of all this trouble, I am not a gloomy man."

"The credit's yours," The Man replied; "keep merry, don't be sad,
When Hamlet's time was out of joint he cussed away like mad.
But, do you think your point of view is altogether right?
For standing on your head like that may praps affect your sight."

The Dean averred, "This attitude the true perspective brings;
Come, join me here and contemplate the ugly roots of things."

The Man agreed; tried not to smile; but when he bent his
A cachinnatory seizure laid him out upon the stones! bones

He laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed as on the ground he lay,
Until they brought an ambulance and carried him away.
The Dean remarked, "In his collapse a proof again I find,
That to see things as I see them one must have a balanced mind!"

go another step, then I put her down agin' a tree while I looked fur somewhere where we could sleep. Presently I found a holler tree an' went back fur her, but when I got back I found that the wolves had been there before me—they 'd taken her from me.'

"After that I jist wandered about in the woods, an' the north-east wind never left me. He still kept a-hollerin' in my ears and a-laughin' at me jist as he 's laughin' now.'

"He stopped fur a minute, then he let out a shriek. 'For the Lord's sake stop him—he 's chokin' me,' and he tottered towards the door an' thin fell in a kind o' heap on the floor.'

"Joe was kind o' struck stiff with horror fur a minute, an' when he got his nerves back and bent over the Stranger, he found he was dead.

"Then he got listenin', an' I tell yer, pards, the north-east wind had passed; it was as quiet as a grave outside."

There was a long silence, yer could kind o' feel when Caribou Jack had finished speakin'; his story had got a hold on us.

Caribou hadn't moved except he 'd dropped his head on his arms. The Little 'Un was the first ter speak.

"Reckon yer left the shack purty soon after," he sez.

Caribou raised his head an' looked at him.

"Left the shack?" he sez, kind o' dully.

"Sure," sez Little 'Un. "Say, yer the trapper ain't yer?"

Caribou didn't answer fur a minute, then he spoke in a queer kind o' voice.

"No," he sez, "I 'm the skunk as left his glove behind."



BAD CHARACTERS.



By HAROLD BLIND.



THE Brigade-Major, who was courteously acting as Censor, had objected to an article which contained the old Army proverb that: "Bad characters make the best soldiers."

Later I sought out the veteran Brigade-Sergeant-Major, who had served or fought in most quarters of the globe, and told him of my troubles with the young officer. The grim face and the far-seeing, rather melancholy eyes smiled, and he sat down on the cot in his tent and pointed to the whisky. For a long time he said nothing but "Ah! . . . H'm! . . . Well!" Then he suddenly laughed and went on—

"Nevertheless, it is a fact that men with entries on their sheets make the best fighting material. Do you remember the rows in Crete in 1896? Yes? Well, I was acting-sergeant-major when we got orders to send two companies to Suda Bay.

"The Adjutant came to me and we picked the men. He made his list and I made mine and then compared them. When he looked at my names he said—

"Great Scott! We can't send those men! You've chosen all the damned scallywags in the battalion!"

"Quite so, Sir," says I. "If there is any fighting and we get into a mess I shall feel safe with those fellows. They will be all right when we get in the field." And after a long talk I persuaded him to let 'em go. I went with the contingent.

"I expect you know all about Crete and the Bashi-bazouks, and so on. The country is all mountain and olive-trees and fruit, and the people are all cut-throats and pariah dogs; and at that time a perfect horde of admirals and generals and plenipotentiaries and consuls were badgering everybody out of their seven senses and wrangling amongst themselves. The island was encircled by warships and transports and full of the soldiers and marines of all the nations of the old world.

"We landed in due course and were distributed as outposts in the hills behind the town, and day after day the enemy watched us and we bored our heads off. Amongst the men I had picked were nine of especially reckless reputation, but I was most pleased with their behaviour since we had started from Malta, and the O.C. complimented me on them. He said that active service had steadied them, and that they would be reformed characters when we got back. . . .

"The next day they were missing! My nine beauties had deserted! We could not find them anywhere—they had vanished. The ringleader was an Irishman, named Feegan. I was very worried, because I trusted him, and had put him on his honour to behave himself and keep his school in order. I knew he was a good man, and had he not been a careless devil he would have got his three stripes instead of being passed over by men who had not half his brains or sterling qualities.

"However, they had miked off. Desertion in the face of the enemy! I swore to the O.C. that they were not hiding to get out of the way of a row—I knew they would not do that—but I could not explain their conduct.

"Next day the Bashis began seriously to worry us. They grew wondrous bold and artful, and we had to ask for reinforcements. After their miserable, skulking ways we were most surprised to find them showing fight to the international troops, for they mostly confined themselves to murder and looting. . . . and never risked their dirty skins.

"Things got so hot that it was reluctantly decided, after the various Lord High Admirals and Field Marshals and Ministers had conferred, to drive the enemy back into the hills.

"Everybody was sick of the whole show, and we were dying to have a whack at anything that would show fight.

"So one glorious sunrise we began to skirmish through the olives and live-oak towards the brown mountains beyond. The enemy retired. They fired at us by-and-large and hit no one. But I noticed that some of their officers were giving them socks, and at one point they made a feeble stand until we seriously hustled them. All day long we drove them back and tried to get to close quarters. We had a few casualties.

"At last they made a rally. The land was all turned purple in the sunset and we saw them massing on a ridge and thought 'Now for it!'

"We had orders not to damage them seriously or else we should have mopped them up with rifle-fire and chased them off the earth.

"But we knew that we should just dislodge them from their present position, bivouac, and then retire to our old lines.

"We worked up to them, and at last charged with the bayonet; and they ran away helter-skelter before we reached them. We topped the ridge in the twilight and rested, panting and swearing, as we saw them vanish down the other side. The officers stopped the men firing at the fugitives or going any further.

"Suddenly we saw a group of Bashis coming up the hill towards us carrying a white flag.

"Ha!" says the O.C., 'they are coming in to propose an armistice, or to promise not to bother us again and be good! Ha! Excellent!'

"They came slowly nearer in the dusk as we stood waiting for them. . . . and a ruffianly crew they looked with their girdles full of knives and pistols. But I suddenly noted that they carried Lee-Metford rifles. There was nothing very extraordinary in that, but it was odd.

"The leading chief halted within three paces of the O.C., who had sent orderlies post haste to the international G.O.C. and the C.O.s of the allied detachments.

"The message said that nine Bashi-bazouk chiefs were coming in under a flag of truce, and would they chase along and confer with them? For it was as much as one's life and the peace of Europe were worth for one Power alone to hold any communications with any of the contending parties.

"Well, in the last glimmer of the afterglow and under the lovely stars the Cretan chief and his comrades stood before our Major, and the two companies looked on with interest, and the French, Russian, Italian and German and Turkish and Grecian officers were hurrying to the spot.

"The leader halted, as I say, and then he came to our military salute, and I heard Feegan's voice say—

"We have come back, Sorr. I report meself. We give ourselves up, Sorr, and beg you to be as merciful as ye are sthrong!"

"Great heavens! Are you mad? Where on earth. . . ? How? . . . Why!" says the major, struck speechless.

"Feegan went on quite calmly.

"We was toired av hanging about and bivouacking, and nothing doing, so we deserted to the inimy to make thim foight! But they have no guts at all, at all, and though we have trated thim most oncommon well, and belaboured thim no end, they will *not* foight. They wanted to cut our throats for having exasperated thim into making you attack. . . . so we have come back, Sorr. That is the truth, it is. Do not be hard on us; 'tis not our fault that ye have not had a most splendacious battle the day. We killed two with our own hands, and even thin the others ran!"

"The word was passed that the nine deserters had turned up, and the men began to laugh. The Major stood thinking, and suddenly turned to Captain Vere Smith—

"Smith," he says, 'what shall we do? I have called a conference. If we tell them that these chiefs are nine of our own men. . . . Good God!'

"Arrest them, and say that they are only ordinary peasants who have deserted to us. They *are* deserters, you know.'

"Right," says the Major, 'march them off.'

"So marched off they were, and no more was heard of them, which is not surprising considering the chaos that everything was in."

* * * * *

The Brigade-Sergeant-Major reached for the bottle, and as I was going out of the tent, said—

"Don't misunderstand me when I say that bad characters make the best soldiers—I do not mean men who lie and steal, but men with devilment in them like those nine."

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

GOLF AND THE GIRLS: THE CHAMPIONSHIP AT TURNBERRY.

The Ladies' Championship.

From among a number of strong impressions of the ladies' golf championship meeting at Turnberry (about which I am obliged to write before it is finished), a few stand out with special prominence. I do not think that any golfing men of any good experience at big competition meetings can ever attend the ladies' gathering without being deeply impressed with the splendid way in which it is managed throughout. The men's amateur championship meeting may be a much bigger and more difficult thing to carry through—undoubtedly that is so; but for all that, I feel sure that the men's officials have something to learn from the ladies, whose organisation and system are absolutely perfect. There is no other word for it. Mrs. Miller, the hon. secretary of the L.G.U., is the lady director-in-chief, and she is a genius at her work whom it would be impossible adequately to praise. Her judgment and discretion in such little difficulties as constantly arise are never faulty, and she has the loyal support of her subjects always. She had the assistance last week in some of the harder administrative work of the championship, as often before, of four of the male vice-presidents—Messrs. T. H. Miller, Talbot Fair, Robert Whyte, and Fred Hoey. Mr. Whyte won the first competition of the Royal and Ancient Club for the Calcutta Cup many years ago. The tournament at Turnberry, from where I am writing these notes, has gone through so far without the slightest semblance of a hitch, and at the beginning, at all events, the scene on the links was a charming

is not my business to write about them, but there is a kind of idea among large numbers of men players that the golfing girl who takes up the game very seriously and enthusiastically is addicted to dressing herself in very rough and unbecoming things, wearing shoes that are unnecessarily large and clumsy, and so forth. If that were ever the case it is certainly not so now, for with a little experience the girls have found out how to accommodate all the necessities of the situation in the matter of comfort and freedom of movement, and yet to display themselves in the most charming way. Nobody need ever wish to see finer-looking specimens of the nicest girls in the world—being those of the British breed—than were on the links at the championship meeting last week. All the men who were there felt immensely proud of them.

The Girls' Good Play. And they have surely improved immensely in their golf in the last two or three years, and in the majority of cases are much stronger match-play fighters than they used to be. There were some extremely fine matches at the beginning of the competition, and for interest, excitement, and the quality of the play, one could not expect to see a better game between ladies than that between the two sister Scots, Miss Neill Fraser and Miss D. M. Jenkins, the latter of whom has four golfing brothers, all of whom played in the amateur championship last year. Miss Neill Fraser, after being four down at the eleventh, won five holes in succession, was dormy one, lost the last hole, and then won the match at the nineteenth. Their golf at the



WINNER OF THE STROKE COMPETITION AT THE CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING OF THE LADIES' GOLF UNION, AT TURNBERRY: MISS C. BOYD (WESTWARD HO!) WHOSE CARD SHOWED 85.

Miss Cecil Leitch took 86; Miss Ravenscroft and Miss D. Chambers, each 87.

eminent Scottish amateur international, whose opinion on all golfing matters is very well and deservedly respected, and he said that he, for one, would be very well delighted if the men's big meeting were held at such a place as this instead of Prestwick. But it will be a long time before the conventions and old traditions can be disregarded to such an extent. I have just mentioned the girls' costumes. Of course I know very little about such matters, and it



BUNKERED: MRS. JACKSON (IRELAND) BEFORE THE EIGHTH GREEN DURING PLAY IN THE INTERNATIONAL TEAM CONTEST FOR THE MILLER TROPHY, AT TURNBERRY.



BUNKERED: MISS HARRISON (IRELAND) BEFORE THE SEVENTH, OR PUNCH-BOWL GREEN, AT TURNBERRY, DURING PLAY IN THE INTERNATIONAL TEAM CONTEST FOR THE MILLER TROPHY.

one. With Arran and Cantire in pearly tints out in the middle-distance at sea, and the big rock of Ailsa Craig standing boldly up to the south, with the white lighthouse prominent on the rocky shore half-way along the course, and with the girls in their neat costumes of many colours flitting along the links at every hole, the picture was indeed a pretty one.

What Men Miss. Turnberry has been ideal for such a championship as this, and I cannot help thinking that the men's amateur championship would gain something if it got rid for ever of that worrying rota that it has, and roamed about from course to course as the ladies do. Then it might go to Turnberry, and everybody would be the happier for it, and the championship, as a test, not a little bit the worse. I was talking on the course on Tuesday to a very



ONE OF THE PRETTIEST CORNERS OF THE COURSE—BUT A BAD LIE! MISS HARRISON PLAYING FROM THE SHORE ROAD BEFORE THE EIGHTH GREEN, AT TURNBERRY.

England beat Scotland by 6 games to 3; and Ireland, which finished second, beat Wales by 8 to 1. Scotland was third; Wales, fourth.

Photographs by Sport and General.

seventh, which is a 220-yards hole, was a fair example of the game they played. Miss Jenkins reached the green and was only about seven yards from the hole with her tee shot, while Miss Neill Fraser sliced a little and was some fifty yards to the right and on the edge of a bunker, but she pitched to within five yards of the pin, and then holed her putt, the hole being halved in three. And the mention of the nineteenth hole reminds me that that hole, coming after a tie, is always a severe test of nerves, and the girls tackled it splendidly. One of the best matches was that between Miss Winifred Martin Smith and Mrs. Jock Gibb (née Miss Maud Titterton), and the former's pretty four at the 350-yard hole with the wind hard against her was a thing to remember. Miss Gladys Bastin won her first match in her first championship at the twenty-first hole—rather a severe beginning.—HENRY LEACH.

THE M.C.C. OF POLO : HURLINGHAM.

THE Hurlingham Club at Fulham is the M.C.C. of Polo, being the governing body of the game, and making the rules, which are observed all over the world, with the exception of the United States, where the American Polo Association has a code of its own. Hurlingham is also the senior London polo club by virtue of age, for it was as far back as 1874 that the game was started there by Captain (now Sir) Walter Smythe. He held office as polo-manager at Hurlingham for exactly a quarter of a century, and is still a regular visitor to the club every season.

Extended Grounds. Recently the Club has been able largely to extend its fine grounds by the purchase of the adjoining Broom House estate of thirty acres, which came into the market on the death last year of Miss Charlotte Sullivan, a niece of the last Lord Palmerston. This additional land, on which there are many rare plants and trees, including a wonderful copper beech, reputed to be the best in the country, will increase the Club's river-frontage to about half-a-mile. By absorbing the landscape, flower, and kitchen gardens of Broom House, Hurlingham's handsome Georgian club-house becomes the centre of the property, instead of, as formerly, being situated in a remote corner of the grounds. The principal polo ground at Hurlingham is one of the best in existence, but hitherto the club has been greatly handicapped by the shortness of its second ground, which has rendered it unsuitable for match play. But now there is additional land available for the extension to full size of this second ground, which is a very good one, and, unlike most of the other grounds, is but little affected by wet weather.

The Social Clubs' Cup and the Whitney.

This season's polo prospects at Hurlingham are excellent, and Major F. Egerton Green, the general manager of the club, and Major F. H. Blacker, the polo-manager, have arranged a most attractive programme. Tournament play always starts at Hurlingham with the contest for the Social Clubs' Cup. It is open to teams composed of members of recognised social clubs in London or the country, and this year's entry for the tournament, which finishes next Saturday (May 25) comprises two teams from the Cavalry Club, and one apiece from the Bath, Turf, White's, and Argentine Clubs. Since its institution in 1897, the Social Clubs' tournament has been won seven times by White's Club, whose team, on the occasion of their victory last year, included the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Duke of Westminster, Mr. P. W. Nickalls, and Mr. C. D. Miller. Next week's tournament for the Whitney Cup is played simultaneously at Hurlingham and Roehampton: the former club being the venue this year for the

final, fixed for Saturday, June 1. This competition, which is played under the handicap, was instituted in 1910, for a challenge cup presented by Mr. H. Payne Whitney, the famous American International polo captain. The holders of this cup are a Royal Horse Guards team, comprising Viscount Castlereagh, M.P., Captain G. V. S. Bowlby, Mr. J. F. Harrison, and Captain Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, one of the Duke of Roxburghe's brothers.



A VETERAN POLO-PLAYER: THE EARL OF HARRINGTON. Lord Harrington, who is the eighth Earl of a creation dating from 1742, is not only well known as a polo-player and as the author of the "Polo Pony Stud Book, Vol. I," but as M.F.H., South Notts, and as a yachtsman. To these recreations he adds gardening. The first Earl, who concluded the Treaty of Seville, in 1729, won distinction as soldier, diplomatist, and politician.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

Last year England, represented by Mr. Cecil Nickalls, the Duke of Westminster, Captain Herbert Wilson, D.S.O., and the Earl of Rocksavage, beat Ireland by seven goals to love.



BEHIND A RACER INSTEAD OF IN THE RING: DIGGER STANLEY, THE WELL-KNOWN BOXER, DRIVING HIS "GIPSY B," DURING TROTTING AT IMBER COURT PARK.

Photograph by Topical.

The Inter-Regimental.

Certainly the most popular event of the season is the Inter-Regimental Tournament, the closing stages of which will be played at Hurlingham, as usual, during the first week of July. The final, which always draws a huge crowd, is fixed for Saturday, July 6. Like the Champion Cup tournaments, the Inter-Regimental produced a great surprise last year, for the Royal Horse Guards, whose victory was looked upon as a foregone conclusion, were beaten in the final, by the odd goal in nine, by the 4th Dragoon Guards, who had never won the tournament before. Lord Roberts, who had been an interested spectator of the match, and who himself played polo in his younger days in India, presented the Cup to Major B. H. Mathew-Lannowe, to whose skilful

captaincy the team's unexpected success was largely due. The annual Inter-University polo match is also generally played at Hurlingham, the date chosen for this year's contest being Wednesday, June 26. Of the matches played to date, Cambridge have won seventeen and Oxford fifteen.

L.V.L.S.



Gather Your Petrol While You May.

In view of the present state of unrest in the labour market, particularly the possibilities of a strike among the riverside hands, it behoves all motorists to stock as much petrol and lubricating-oil as possible.

It is not generally known amongst car-owners that if they can erect a shed of sorts which is removed twenty feet from any other building of any kind they can store a maximum of sixty gallons of petrol in the usual sealed cans therein, and still be within the law. But if it be impossible so to arrange a shelter for the cans, they may be stored in a motor-house or other out-building, so long as notice has been given to the local authority of the motorist's intention to do so, so that the authority may have an opportunity of sending an official to inspect the proposed provision. In the case of a motor-house built of brick, paved with cement, and sufficiently ventilated, exception is very seldom taken to the storage of the above quantity of petrol, so long as it is kept in the sealed cans in which it is sent out by the distributing companies.



"BOMB"-DROPPER:
LIEUTENANT REGINALD
GREGORY, R.N.

To those well acquainted with the neighbourhood, the character of the traffic, and the capacity of the roadway concerned, nothing could have been more astonishing than the application made by the Hammersmith Borough Council to the Local Government Board for the imposition of an unnecessary speed-limit of ten miles per hour for motor-vehicles on the Hammersmith Road between its junction with Brook Green and Hammersmith Broadway. If ever an application merited the strongest opposition this was the one, and that it was vehemently objected to by the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association was no more than fitting. So far from the limit of ten miles per hour being required over this section, there are very few moments in the day or night when from Brook Green to, at least, the King's Theatre, twenty miles per hour is not perfectly safe and reasonable. Had the desire of the Borough Council been granted, and the speed-limit rigidly imposed, motor traffic would have been passed derisively by every other form of light horsed vehicles. The R.A.C. and the A.A. are to be congratulated upon the success of their opposition to this absurd proposal, and it is hoped that by the refusal of the L.G.B., this Council and others equally retrograde have learned a lesson.

220 Yards—Most Unsatisfactory.

Upon many occasions motorists have protested against short timed controls, averring that to take the speed of a motor-car over so small a fraction of a mile as 220 yards was not only not fair, but extremely liable to error. According to a report to hand from the Royal Automobile Club, this view is shared by at least some magistrates. In a case which was heard at the Acton Petty Sessions on the 8th, where the R.A.C. solicitor defended a motorist who had been summoned for driving over a measured furlong in the High Road, Chiswick, at a speed exceeding twenty miles per hour, the magistrates stated that they wished it to be known that they considered such a short distance very unsatisfactory, both from the point of

view of the motorist—who might possibly have accelerated for the purpose of overtaking a tram-car, so relieving congestion of traffic—and also from the point of view of the police. The magistrates stated, further, that they knew it was possible to time over longer distances, although it probably involved more trouble and expense, and they requested that their views might be conveyed by the police to the proper quarters.



THE FLYER OF H.M.S. "AMPHIBIAN,"
THE NAVAL HYDRO-AEROPLANE:
COMMANDER C. R. SAMSON, R.N.

ADMIRALS OF THE BLUE! THE NAVAL AIRMEN.

The naval airmen did some remarkable things over the Fleet at Weymouth recently. Commander Samson, for example, flew the Short hydro-aeroplane, H.M.S. "Amphibian," to the royal yacht, alighted on the water near that vessel, that a passenger bearing a letter for the King might disembark into a dinghy, and then rose again from the water. Lieutenant Gregory dropped a dummy bomb weighing 300 lb. as near the royal yacht as safety permitted, and also swooped down to within twenty feet of the periscope of a submerged submarine, to show that he had seen it beneath the water, and could have dropped a bomb upon it. Captain Gerrard and Lieutenant Longmore flew monoplanes most successfully.



MONOPLANE-FLYER: CAPTAIN
EUGENE L. GERRARD, R.M.L.I.

To Dodge the Traffic.

Somewhat tardily, the Royal Automobile Club have published their official motoring map of Recommended Routes into, out of, round, and across London. By motorists driving from north to south, and west to east, and vice-versa, this map will be welcomed indeed, for there is nothing quite so nerve-racking for the provincial as the mid-passage of London during the thick of the traffic hours. To escape this infliction he would willingly make a détour of ten or even fifteen miles, provided he drive over roads under normal conditions of usage. This the R.A.C. map will permit him to do, and do with ease, as the circumscribing routes, with their occasional awkward twists and turns, are very clearly shown, the map being on a scale of one inch to the mile. The circular roads round London for the avoidance of traffic are shown in blue, and in the case of a motorist coming south through St. Albans, and desiring to strike the Brighton Road, he is taken from Elstree across Bushey Heath, to Harrow Weald, Wealdstone, Sudbury Hill, Greenford Green, Greenford, Norwood Green, Hounslow, Kingston, Malden, Cheam, and Sutton, where he is on the Brighton Road, via Reigate. To those motorists who do not mind facing a little traffic from time to time, less circumscribing routes are shown in red. A few improvements and emendations are certain to show in later editions.

A Model Instruction Book.

Every manufacturer who desires that his cars should have every chance of acquiring repute by durability and satisfactory running ought to issue to all purchasers a carefully considered and well-written instruction-book. If the purchaser is an owner only, and not an owner-driver, he will, by careful perusal of the book, be able to keep his driver up to his work, and to prevent the abuse of his car. For the owner-driver, no matter how learned in automobile mechanism, or how skilful a driver, a good instruction book is a sheer necessity with a new car. I am moved to these reflections and this advice by the perusal of a copy of the "Wolseley Instruction Manual," which has just reached me, and which I do not hesitate to characterise as quite the best thing of its kind I have yet come across. In the compilation of this book it has been presumed that the reader has some previous general knowledge of motor-cars and their control and operation, but a little study of two or three of the standard works on motor-car construction is sufficient for the comprehension of all that is set down in the manual. The work is profusely illustrated with clearly comprehensible line diagrams. The chapters on lubrication and ignition—the blood and heart of an engine—are admirably done.

[Continued on a later page.]



MONOPLANE-FLYER:
LIEUTENANT ARTHUR M.
LONGMORE, R.N.

TUCK! THAT NECESSARY SENSE OF REPLETION.

FOR SALE



SCHOOL FEEDING: BATEMAN NOTES ON A QUESTION OF INTERNAL ECONOMY.

The greatest interest is being taken in the discussion on school meals. The schoolboy and schoolgirl have by this time found their ideal in Dr. Dukes, of Rugby, who, among other things, has said: "While adults should rise from table hungry, children should reach a sense of repletion before rising. . . No work should ever be imposed upon boys and girls without previous sustenance. . . Breakfast is the most important and health-giving meal of the day for youth. Oatmeal porridge is an ideal food for those who can eat it. . . Dinner should be a good meat, vegetable, and pudding meal, varied with intelligence. . . Tea is not a sufficiently varied meal. The following articles of diet would be appropriate: eggs, fish, potted meats, potted fish, jam, marmalade, honey, treacle, cakes, radishes, lettuces, and water-cress."—[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Pleasure at the Helm.

In his masterly articles on the Labour Unrest, Mr. H. G. Wells puts an unerring finger on the weak spots in our social system. There is no doubt that the unceasing Spectacle of Pleasure at which the toilers have to look on is one which is gradually exasperating them beyond endurance. With the enormous increase of wealth, we have reached a point in which, to the superficial eye, Amusement and Display seem to be the chief ends of life for the upper and upper middle classes. The great prominence given to all balls, races, spectacles, theatres, and to junketings of all kinds in the daily Press does much to aggravate the evil. The names of great people appear to the proletariat only in connection with Court ceremonies, dinners, the Turf, and fêtes of all kinds. They do not see that, often enough, these high and mighty personages sometimes work—though at a different kind of work—quite as hard as they do, and certainly do not get as much rest. Then, the turning of our theatres into places of foolish glitter and ostentation, “run” mostly for the display of dresses “the like of which was never seen on sea or land,” is another factor which makes for class-irritation. Again, the absurdity, the enormous cost of the modern woman's clothes, and the prominence given to this subject in every journal in the land—all this adds to the evil. When, as Mr. H. G. Wells says, you may try in vain to get a passable woman's hat for the weekly wages of a miner, there must be a disequilibrium somewhere which will presently have to be adjusted. For the temper of the workers towards employers has changed amazingly even in the last five years. With “cabby,” for instance, we used to be on human—even humorous—terms. But the handsome-driver has given place to that grim and reticent person, the taxi-chauffeur. In short, the underworld used to take up a genial, if slightly ironic attitude towards those who had, or appeared to have, wealth and leisure. Nowadays, it is neither humorous nor ironic, but simply sullen. The eternal spectacle of Pleasure at the Helm is one which, in the end, will have to be suppressed.

The England which Shakespeare Knew.

The London of the sixteenth century, if we are to judge from Earl's Court, was highly picturesque, but somewhat dark and stuffy. The climate of the Thames Valley has not changed much, and damp and fog must have been frequent when “Love's Labour's Lost” was being played at the Globe Theatre. Then, the streets were inordinately narrow, the eaved houses almost touching, while inside, the tapestries, oak-panelling, and dark furniture, the low ceilings and diamond-paned windows, together with the primitive lighting arrangements, must have made somewhat gloomy surroundings. When the wits and the poets held Dionysian revels at the Mermaid Tavern, it must have been in spite of the *milieu*, which, though dignified, was not of an exhilarating aspect. England was small then—she had a population less than that of London now; but she was, unlike the England of to-day, full of genius and patriotism, of audacious adventurers—“Admirals all”—and heaven-sent poets.

It was the true Augustan age of Britain, and one of the wisest of her Sovereigns had ruled over her for forty-five years. The material aspect of this marvellous reign has been reproduced at the Exhibition with much felicity, and the life-size model of Drake's ship, the *Revenge*, is, perhaps, the happiest effort of its promoters.

Tea at a Tavern. When the Du Maurier young lady in “Milestones” expresses her disappointment at not being allowed to “take tea at the new Hotel Metropole”—that innocent proceeding being looked upon as improper by her parents—

one smiles at this tragedy in a tea-cup. When girls wore “buns,” and small bonnets, it was a dissipation to eat a meal of any sort outdoors. We were truly an insular people then, and long after all the nations of the Continent had taken heartily to hotel dinners and suppers, to out-door cafés and garden restaurants, we were still sitting within the sacred home circle, with drawn curtains and amid an insufferable boredom. There is no doubt that, save in exceptional cases, too much home life tends to depress the spirits and narrow the interests. To breathe the same mental atmosphere week after week, year in, year out, is bad for the body and the soul. So there came a revolt, and hosts and hostesses, in order to attract people, began to entertain at certain sumptuous London taverns. It is possible that the license of the Regency did a great deal to bring public entertainment, such as illuminated gardens, masquerades, and the like, into disrepute, so that the Victorian reaction was at least comprehensible. The presence of ladies at all these amusements, such as music-halls and public fancy-dress balls, has done more to raise their tone than half-a-dozen Acts of Parliament could accomplish. And, meantime, tea at a tavern, whether it be in Brook Street, Pall Mall, or Piccadilly, bids fair to be one of the most favoured forms of entertaining of the day.



GRACES FROM THE OLYMPUS OF FASHION: PARISIAN MODES.

On the left is a dress of blue and cherry-coloured shot taffetas. The tunic is gathered up to form paniers; the guimpe and collar are made of white linen. In the middle is an artistically draped gown in sand-coloured satin, with revers and collar of fillet lace, embroidered in various shades of silk to tone with the material. On the right is a white-serge dress, trimmed with groups of gold buttons, the skirt and sides of the bodice open over a gold and many-coloured Japanese embroidery.

The Futurist Newspaper.

I hear that a beginning is to be made with an oral newspaper at the New Cabaret Theatre. There is no doubt that the idea is a felicitous one, for there is a growing distaste for reading printed matter of any kind, and it is steadily on the increase. Hence the success of the illustrated paper, even if cheap and smudgy. And very soon people will not want to look even at pictures; they will ask to smoke a cigarette while the news of the day is told them with brief and pointed comments. And this is what is to be introduced at the Cabaret Theatre. At midnight “a masked figure in grotesque costume” will pass in review the events of the past twenty-four hours, with personal notes and criticisms. It is an open secret now that the late King Edward disliked reading, even the newspapers, so that all the most burning topics had to be confided to him by word of mouth, when he would discuss them with the greatest acumen and good sense. Modern men and women are growing like King Edward, so that the living newspaper of the future has a brilliant prospect before it.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 29.

UNITED RAILWAY OF HAVANA.

AS we stated last week, we regard the Ordinary shares of the United Railways of Havana as an excellent purchase, and the latest traffic return again shows an expansion of over £17,000, but we should like to say a word of caution with regard to the dividend forecasts which have been made in several quarters. Last year the net profits were £492,000, and out of this a 4 per cent. dividend was paid and £15,000 placed to reserve. For the preceding year (1909-10), however, when the net profits, at £563,500, were some £71,500 higher than this figure, the Directors placed £85,000 to reserve, and paid only the same dividend of 4 per cent. It seems probable, therefore, that a large part of the surplus profits this year will be used to strengthen reserves, etc., and it is unlikely that the directors will raise the dividend to a figure which they may be unable to maintain in a normal year.

ARGENTINE NATIONAL MORTGAGE BANK.

We have referred to the 6 per cent. Bonds of the Argentine National Mortgage Bank before in these columns, and although the quotation for a thousand-dollar bond has recently risen to 89, they are still a most attractive investment. Interest amounts to 60 dollars a year, and the coupons can be sold through any South American Bank for about 20½d. per dollar six weeks before the due date of payment. The dividend on £89 thus amounts to £5 3s. 8d. a year, and the yield therefore works out at over 5½ per cent. The Argentine Government unconditionally guarantee these bonds, and the yield compares very favourably with that offered by the direct Government loans, which give something less than 5 per cent.

LOBITOS.

The Report of this Company for 1911 will make its appearance before very long, and we believe it will make a very satisfactory showing, although lack of transport facilities may have adversely affected the output to some extent. The plant, however, is being considerably increased, and this will have its effect on the output for 1912. In some quarters there is an idea that a dividend will be announced, but of this we are not very confident; but the shareholders are sure to receive some return before very long. Development work has been pushed forward and a new deposit of oil has been discovered which improves the position, and we look for an advance in price during the next few months.

SOUTH AFRICAN TAXATION.

The new proposals of the South African Union Government to levy death duties, etc., are naturally meeting with strenuous opposition from all quarters, and, if persisted in, they are bound to have a serious effect on all South African securities. Full details are still to come, but the suggestion is roughly as follows: To levy a death duty of 5 per cent. on the estates in South Africa of all European shareholders where such estate has a nominal value of £100 or more, while South Africans are to be exempted unless the value exceeds £500. As a corollary to the above, all bearer stocks and shares (on which death duties cannot be collected) are to pay an annual tax of ¼ per cent. on their face value. This latter tax, of course, will be severely felt on the Continent, where practically everything is in bonds to bearer, and a strong protest has been made by French investors, and all the leading German Banks have signed another which has been forwarded to General Botha. The London Chamber of Commerce is taking the matter up here, and it is to be hoped that something will be done. South African shareholders have had plenty of troubles to contend with of late, and additional burdens, such as are now proposed, would only serve to make the market even more unpopular with investors.

THE LEOPOLDINA RAILWAY.

As was generally expected, the dividend on the Ordinary shares of this Railway was reduced to 2 per cent.—the lowest paid since 1900; and altogether the Report for 1911 must be considered far from satisfactory. Gross receipts increased by just over 3 per cent., but working expenses increased by nearly 11 per cent. during the same period. The chairman's statement at the meeting on Friday was therefore eagerly awaited, and it was hoped that he would have something definite to say with regard to the negotiations with the Brazilian Government. The reference that he made, however, was neither very definite nor very satisfactory. He said, "We can only hope for the best, but, even if the negotiations are successful, it does not follow that the guarantee will mean a largely increased dividend." On the mileage worked last year, the maximum possible Government guarantee would have enabled the payment of a 4 per cent. dividend; if the chairman's statement is taken to mean that something less than the maximum of £570 per kilometre may be accepted, the shares are certainly not undervalued at their present price. Apart from the question of this guarantee, however, the outlook

is improving: aggregate traffics to date show an increase of over £112,000, and both sugar and coffee crops are likely to be larger than last year. In his speech the chairman stated that the Central Railway has raised the rates on coffee, which will enable the Leopoldina Company to do likewise, and he estimated that this would mean a gain of some £20,000 during the remainder of this year. The position is a difficult and complicated one, and, as we stated a month ago, we should consider a purchase at present to be highly speculative, and the shares are better left to those who have—or think they have—inside information.

THE BULL ACCOUNT.

Until some further reduction has taken place in the bull account which still exists throughout the markets, it is doubtful whether prices can make much headway. Besides the failures which have already occurred, there is known to be trouble in other quarters; and, although this is not at all likely to come to light, the mere fact of its being there acts as a dead weight. Most of the markets are affected—some directly, others less so. In the Home Railway department the bull account is heavy. In Marconis, in some of the Oil shares—even in Anglo-Continental—there are still too many holders, and we should be not at all surprised to see a fresh shake-out. This does not mean, necessarily, that the public should refrain from making purchases of what they consider cheap stock. To get in at the bottom is about as easy as it is to get out at the top; and so long as a man makes up his mind that at a certain price a particular stock is cheap, he can buy it, provided he is content to pay for it and await developments. It is in this way that moneyed people add to their accumulation of wealth. They have the advantage of being able to see prices go against them—perhaps to an extent which the average speculator could not face—but in the long run they come out on the right side. Here is the advantage of not buying more than can be readily negotiated if the market moves in an unexpected direction. Prices have fallen to levels which look cheap enough in many cases, and when the present bull account is weeded down a little further, it is as likely as not that there will be a strong recovery all the way round.

MEXICAN CONCERNS.

To job against a revolution is always an exciting experience, and sometimes rather an expensive one. The man who elects to deal in Mexican securities of any kind at the present time is staking his faith upon the country's ability to rise superior to such forces, and in the long run his confidence will be undoubtedly justified. Were any grave anxiety felt with regard to the outcome of the revolution, prices of Mexican securities of all kinds would certainly not be standing so high as they do to-day.

The revolution is regarded in good circles as little more than an incident—unpleasant, of course, but one that is not likely to cause ultimate losses. Mexico had been going ahead in a remarkable manner before these troubles came about. The development of the country has been arrested, but only temporarily, and Mexican First Preference looks a very attractive speculative investment to yield nearly 6 per cent. on the money. Mexican Light and Power jumped up from 85 to nearer 93 on better news from the theatre of the disturbances, and already some of the optimistic talk of an increase in the dividend on the Common stock, which at present is 4 per cent.

Mexico North-Western bonds and shares have participated in the firmer tone, and a recently introduced bond—the 5 per cent. obligation of the Mexican Northern Power Company—is worth notice by the speculative investor who does not mind taking risks for the sake of big returns on his capital. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that, while the shares of the Mexico North-Western stand at 35 and the Company's bonds at 75, the shares of the Mexican Northern Power Company are no higher than 25, although the bonds of the latter concern are only two or three points less than those of the Mexico North-Western, which is, however, a well-established concern. In both cases, of course, the shares are worth many people would call gambles; but, as such, they are worth watching by the speculator who will pay for what he buys, and is content to wait for results.

MINING AND OTHER MATTERS.

Why Broken Hills should be so dull is a matter which may well excite comment. The prices of the base metals have gone back a little, but good authorities look for a revival in them, in which case Barriers are bound to shoot ahead.

* * * * *

Our recent advice to buy Copper shares on the strength of what we knew was going on in the metal market has, we hope, been followed by many of our readers, who, perhaps, now are looking for a lead as to what they should do. To take a good profit is ever a safe counsel.

* * * * *

The Kaffir Circus is still considerably upset by the Randfontein affair, and it may be months yet before the market recovers. But that some day it will do so little doubt can be entertained, and to sell shares at present prices would seem to be a pity.

[Continued on page 226.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

1912.

This year goes on its weird way, and gives no promise of being held in affectionate remembrance. Out-of-the-way things have happened since its commencement: disasters by sea, accidents by land, our Court twice in mourning—once undoubtedly as the result of the shipwreck, and consequent anxiety and exposure, of the King's brother-in-law, the Duke of Fife; now through the tragically sudden death of Queen Alexandra's brother, the late King of Denmark. We shall have Court mourning until the thirteenth of June. The King and Queen's engagements are all cancelled. Half the year has been shadowed, and the brilliance of the season interfered with. The curious part of it is that all the untoward events that have marked the year have been quite out of the common. Ascot will not come into the period of Court mourning. As regards all who go to the Royal Enclosure it will be a half-mourning function, as the Royal Family will be in mourning. Derby Day may see the King and Queen at the races; it is, however, doubtful if the Queen will be there. Neither of their Majesties will be present at the Duchess of Devonshire's Derby Night ball, and the hostess, as Mistress-of-the-Robes, will be in black. It is very doubtful if there will be any State Ball this year, although one may be given in July. There is no reason why the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace should not take place in that month. The many devoted friends of Queen Alexandra, and the public, who love her, are all in the deepest sympathy with her Majesty in her new sorrow.

Meanwhile. The desire of her Majesty Queen Alexandra, as of the King and Queen, that no actual loss should be inflicted through their bereavement, is well known. Therefore, things in which the Court is not immediately concerned are to go forward with what spirit may be. Many of the fixtures for the near future are for good causes. The Empire Ball at the Savoy,



THE SCENE OF THE LAST STAND OF THE MOTOR BANDITS: EXAMINING THE WRECKED VILLA.

Two more of the Paris motor bandits, Garnier and Vallet, were tracked last Tuesday afternoon to a small villa at Nogent-sur-Marne, a few miles east of Paris. There they withstood a ten-hours' siege by a large force of police and Zouaves, several of whom they wounded by revolver-fire. Many attempts were made to blow up the house, blocks of stone were hurled on it from a railway embankment above, and machine-guns were fired at it. Finally, at about 3 a.m. on Wednesday, after making a breach by an explosion of melinite, the besiegers rushed the place, and the two bandits, both wounded, were shot at close quarters.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.

for the Middlesex Hospital, the Hundred Years Ago Ball at the Albert Hall, for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Self-Help Association—neither of these is to be allowed to suffer from this trouble which has fallen on our Royal Family. Private entertaining will also go on; the gayest month will probably be July. The last Court of the season will be held on Monday, June 24. It will be a brilliant one; the Marchionesses of Linlithgow and Stafford will be presented, on marriage. Lady Linlithgow was married in April a year ago, and is the mother of twin sons. She was, however, away in the Colonies on an extended wedding trip all last season. The Marchioness of Lincolnshire will be presented on her husband's



A GOLD TROPHY FOR KNIGHTS OF THE WHEEL: THE B.S.A. GOLD CHALLENGE CUP FOR A 10-MILE BICYCLE RACE.

This 18-carat gold cup was made for the Birmingham Small Arms Ammunition Co., as a challenge trophy for a 10-mile scratch bicycle race. It was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington, of Birmingham and London.



A SILVER TROPHY FOR KNIGHTS OF THE GREEN TABLE: THE ECCENTRIC CLUB BILLIARD CHALLENGE CUP.

The trophy is being presented by Mr. R. J. Hoffman, a prominent member of the Eccentric Club, as a Billiard Challenge Trophy. It has been designed and manufactured by Messrs. Stewart Dawson and Co., of 73-81, Regent Street, W.

promotion in the Peerage. Lord Ribblesdale's youngest daughter will be presented after, instead of before, her father's ball for her.

Hats.

Surely never before have hats been so universally becoming as now. Only such a genius in making them as the great M. Lewis, of Maison Lewis, Regent Street, Paris, Nice, and all the smart centres of the world, can suit the headgear to the face, and, while studying individuals, also keep his millinery in the last moment of the mode. There are in these fine Regent Street show-rooms at present a wonderful number of models suited to every type of face. Some are large, handsome, imposing—the most luxurious-looking of ostrich-plumes, in the latest and most chic shades, dressed according to the last word in style, and combined with beautiful and costly straws; others are simple, but no less becoming, suitable for the river, or the morning in town. There is delightful millinery for motoring, for wearing with tailor-built clothes, for every occasion and for every purpose. The characteristic of it all is the faultless taste shown in it, and the way in which chic and even daring touches are introduced, with the result that, while attention is attracted, criticism is disarmed. No one wonders that the handsomest women of the day throng these ateliers when new batches of models arrive, as they do very frequently.

Summer Girls.

These delightful people, decorative and charming, intend, I am told, to render dead as a doornail the very abbreviated, very attenuated skirt, very pronounced feet, and completely extinguished head—fashions that have been making many members of our sex supremely ridiculous. They are going to wear softly draped summer fabrics and pretty, closely



THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE OF NOGENT-SUR-MARNE: AN INTERESTED CROWD.

hanging paniers, along with dainty frills and ruches on their muslin and taffetas skirts. Their task will be the easier in that the so-called silhouette style has now become the property of the "young person," who is exaggerating it into suicide.

Continued from page 224.]

The Rhodesian Market is oppressed by the remembrance of the old scandals, such as Bucks Reef, Rhodesian Mines Trust, etc., and what between public apathy and the personal squabbles and differences of the Bosses, things remain very unsatisfactory.

Bucks Reef are still tipped for a sharp rise. Last month's profit statement, showing £160 for April, was certainly far from encouraging; but rumour has it that the Company owns another property upon which wonderful progress is being made. We simply give the information for what it may be worth. Many people think that the Bucks Reef Market is far too hot for them to follow.

There are a lot of ramps in the Oil Market, and it behoves the purchaser to be careful. Don't take every street-corner tip you get, especially in this market. On all reactions Shells may be bought; also Anglo-Maikop, and probably Red Sea Oil.

Among Kaffirs Brakpan, which is about to enter the dividend list, has been in some favour. The full battery of 160 stamps should enable substantial profits to be distributed, and the 3s. a share to be paid in June is said to be only a foretaste of better things to come.

We congratulate the *Pall Mall Gazette* on its vigorous protest against the lending of £60,000,000 to a disorganised and chaotic China, and the support to this mad enterprise given by the English Government.

Default and intervention of the six nations must be the inevitable consequence, followed by disputes over the spoil, the break-up of China, and war. Probably the last great war!

It is all very well for the International Financiers who will make their 5 per cent. commission—perhaps 10 per cent.—but why should England support so foolish and disastrous a procedure? There is time yet to draw back.

THE BROKEN HILL MINES.

In view of the interest that has been taken in the Barrier silver lead mines, it may be as well to take the opportunity afforded by the issue of the half-yearly reports of the principal mines for the last completed period to consider the position and prospects of the group. The production of the mines for 1911 is the highest on record, the value of silver, lead, and zinc concentrates reaching the large figure

of £3,110,109. The improvement is, of course, largely due to the rise in price of lead and spelter, and to that extent must be somewhat precarious, although the markets in all the principal productions of the Broken Hill Mines have at present a very healthy appearance. During the year 1911, considerable headway has been made in solving the main difficulties which have beset the treatment of much of the ore raised, while in the case of several Companies, especially in that of the British Broken Hill, new and valuable ore-bodies have been discovered. In the case of all the principal Companies, except Block 10 and Block 14, the dividends have been raised 1s., and in the case of the South Company, 3s. for the last six months, while the price of the shares during the last twelve months has increased rapidly, the British Company being now 58s., against about 24s. in June last, and the Proprietary 51s., against about 37s. at that date; while the South Company's shares have risen from about 5½ to 7¾, and the North from 4½ to 5¾. The principal trouble experienced is, judging by the reports, shortage of labour, only to be overcome by increase of wages, and the hope that this may attract more miners to the field. The prospects for the current half-year appear favourable, but, of course, the continuance of high prices and the still further improvement of the methods by which the complex ores are treated remain the two main pillars on which the general prosperity of the field depends.

Saturday, May 18, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. E.—The address of the Mining Company you name is 21, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

R. D. W.—Both mines are fair speculative investments, but so much depends on the prices of tin and copper that you can never feel quite easy about either. Tin is very high, but copper likely to rise still more. Our inclination would be to realise in the first case, and hold on for a further rise in the case of the copper mine.

SOUTH AFRICA.—The estimated life of the Ferreira mine is about two years, and of Wolhuter about eleven.

SIMLA.—The price of the Brussels 1905 Loan should be about £3 7s., and of Ottoman bonds about £9 5s. The price these people ask is absurd.

A. P.—Everybody wants 5 per cent. for their money. Anglo-Argentine Trams First Preference or South-Eastern Railway Preferred would suit for your money.

SYDENHAM.—(1) The Company, we hear, is doing well; (2) Quite a gamble, and not to our liking; (3) The name and address of the broker has been sent to you.



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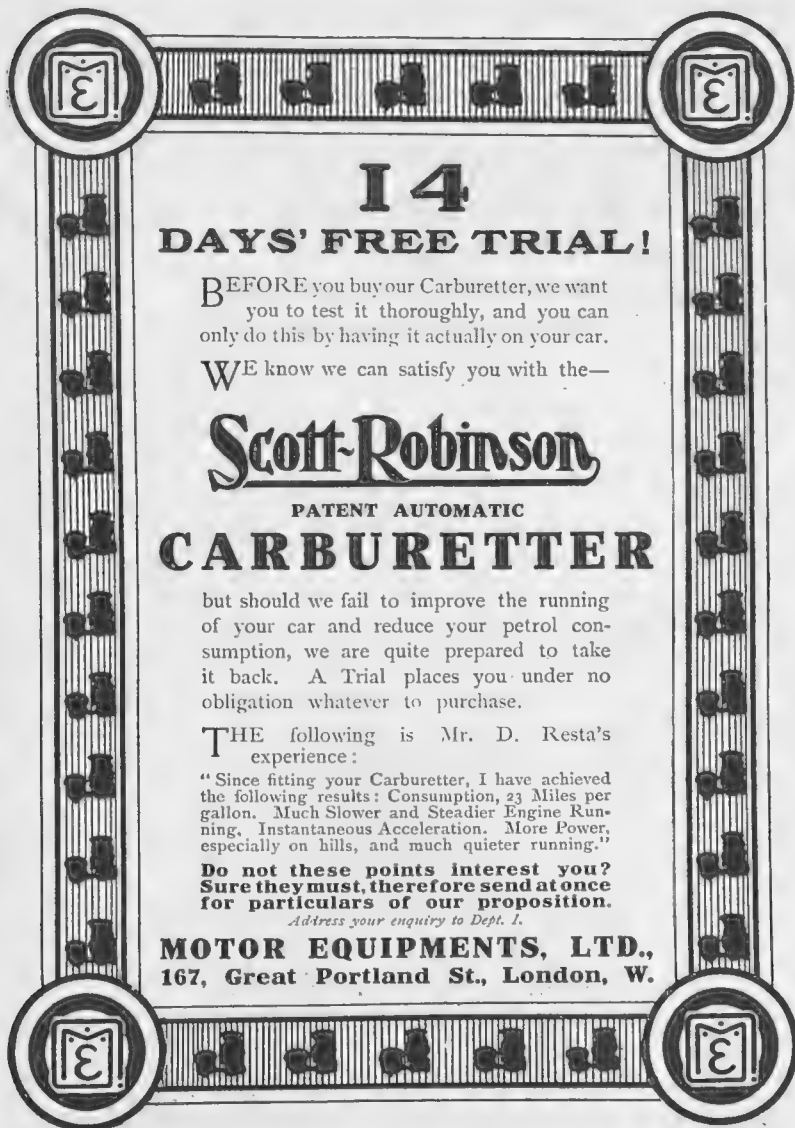
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Portrait specially drawn for the Orchestrelle Company by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

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(Sir) HENRY J. WOOD."

THIS is but one of many appreciations of the Pianola by famous musicians. The late Edward Grieg was enthusiastic in its praises. He said, "It is excellent." Mark Hambourg considers it "of the greatest artistic merit"; and Paderewski says unhesitatingly, "the Pianola is perfection." On hearing the Pianola, Hans Richter declared, "It was difficult to believe that it was not an artiste performing"; and to Rosenthal it appealed as an invention "of the greatest importance to musical art."

If the powers of the Pianola appeal so strongly to these men, who have in themselves the rare gift of musical expression, what must they mean to the less gifted?

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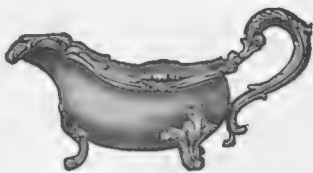
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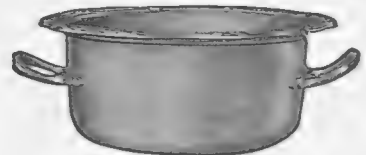
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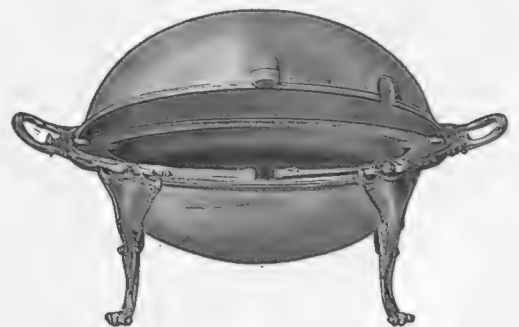
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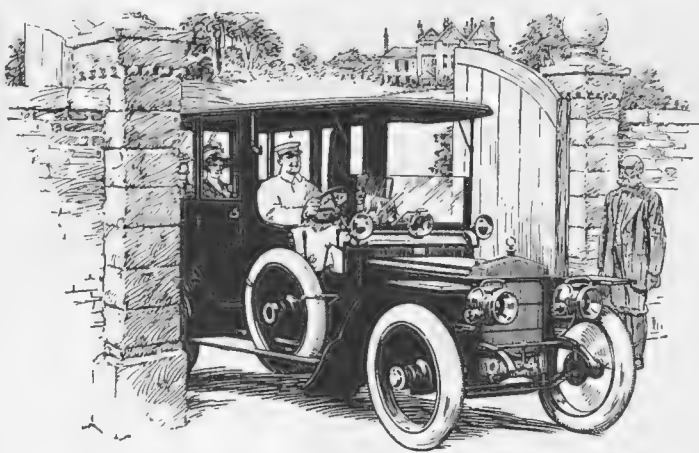


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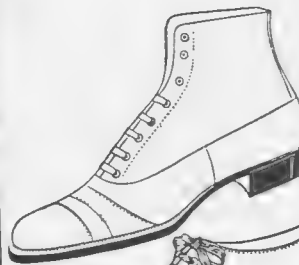
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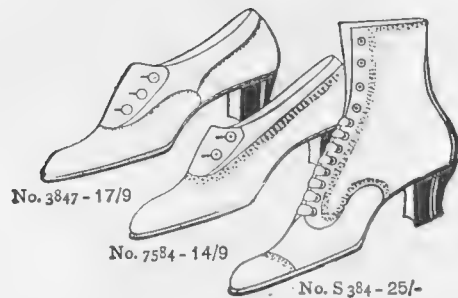
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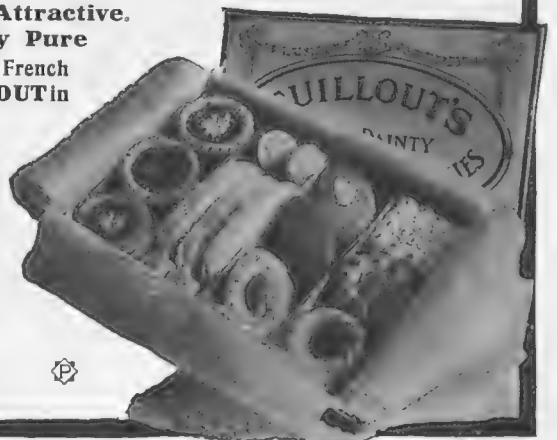
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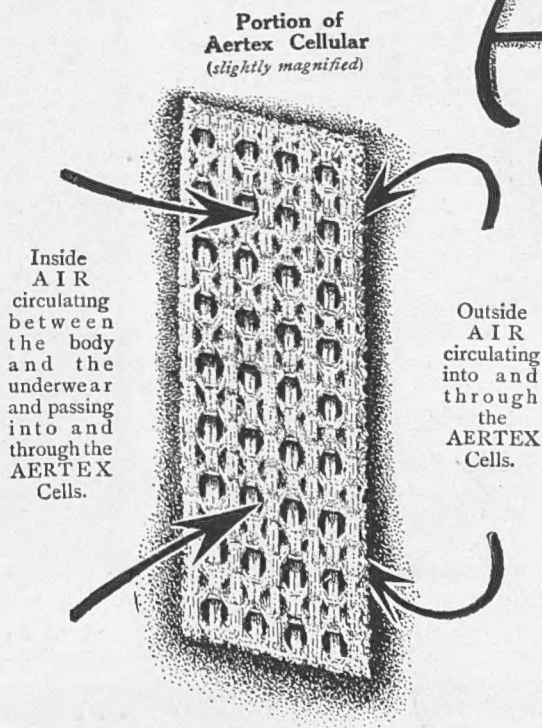
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4 Gilt Louis XIV. Cane Seat Occasional Chairs	1 7 6
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The Overmantel Fitting to match	4 4 0
The Choice Centre Table to match	3 15 0
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Costly Louis XV. Design all Brass Fender Suite, comprising magnificent chased Curb, with elaborately chased standard supports, set of Implements to match with Centre Stop, and a very fine Folding Screen en suite, complete	8 15 0
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Pair of Companion ditto, at per Fauteuil	4 10 0
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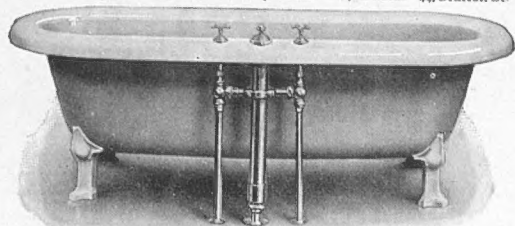


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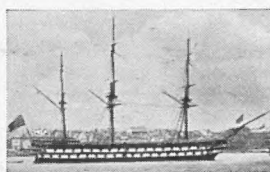
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(Continued.)

The English Dangerous.

The Grand Prix, to be held over what is known as the Dieppe Circuit on June 25 and 26 next, promises to attract as much attention and provoke as large, or a larger, attendance than ever graced such events in the past. Our French friends have learned much by previous mistakes in the handling of such events, and, if all I hear be true, the organisation of this event should equal, if it does not surpass, that of the two Gordon-Bennett races which were held in Germany. The course is eminently accessible for English visitors; the run from Newhaven to Dieppe is made in a little more than three hours nowadays, and from Dieppe the scene of action can be reached with very little trouble. No fewer than fifty-eight cars are entered, thirty-six being native productions, fifteen coming from this side of the Channel, three from Italy, and one each from Germany, Switzerland, the States, and Belgium. Of the English cars entered, the Sunbeams and Vauxhalls are regarded on the other side of the Channel as dangerous opponents. So may they be!

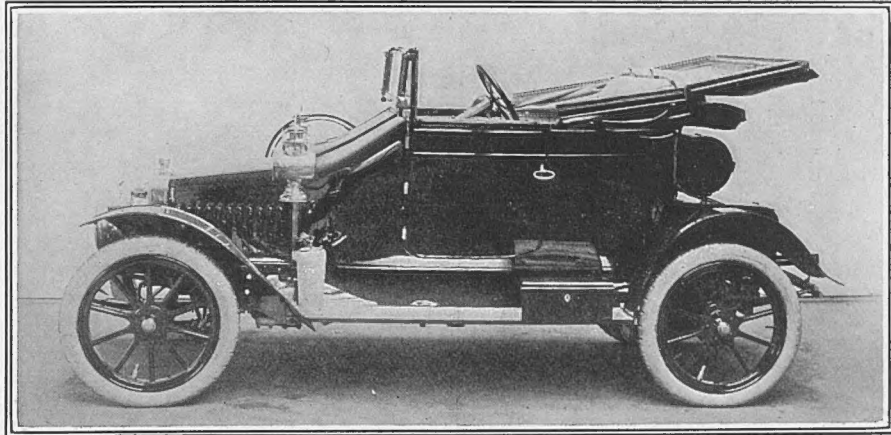
Stand and Deliver! The landlord of that popular motoring hostelry, The White Hart, Beaconsfield, will now, I fancy, admit that there are motorists and motorists. A few days ago, two in a car arrived at this picturesque house, and, descending, partook of lunch. Thereafter they strolled out of the coffee-room, as though to look about them, but, upon inquiry being made, it was found that both they and their car had disappeared. Another

motorist, who happened to be in the yard with his car at the moment, inquired the cause of the excitement, and being informed of the little bilking transaction, offered to start in pursuit with the bill. After a while, he returned and handed the landlord the amount, discharging the account. Having a fast car, he overhauled the bilkers some two miles away, and after passing them, pulled his car across the road, and as they approached signalled them to stop. This they did, inquiringly, whereupon the bill was presented, and they were reminded of their lapse of memory. Mumbling some excuse about hurry and forgetfulness, they paid up, expressing surprise that an hotel-proprietor—the pursuer had represented himself as the hotel-keeper's son—should possess so smart a car. The *South Bucks Press*, which tells the story, wonders to what extent their consciences would have pricked them but for being overtaken.

Sunbeams Busy at Rivington.

Owing to the discouragement of the Royal Automobile Club, those highly interesting events, hill-climbs, are not so prominent in week-end motor

fixtures as they used to be. But good sportsmen like Sir W. H. Lever, whose private demesnes include such satisfying steepes as Rivington Pike, enable clubs to carry out these really sporting events from time to time. The Rivington Pike Hill Climb is now quite a classic gathering, and at the meeting of May 11 some very fine competition was provoked. Those wonderful hill-devourers, the Sunbeam cars, acquitted themselves in great style, placing no fewer than four wins to their credit. These were Classes E and C of the Manchester Club, Class D of the Lancashire A.C., and the Inter-team race Lancashire A.C. The hill was a kilometre in length, with an average gradient of one in nine.



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